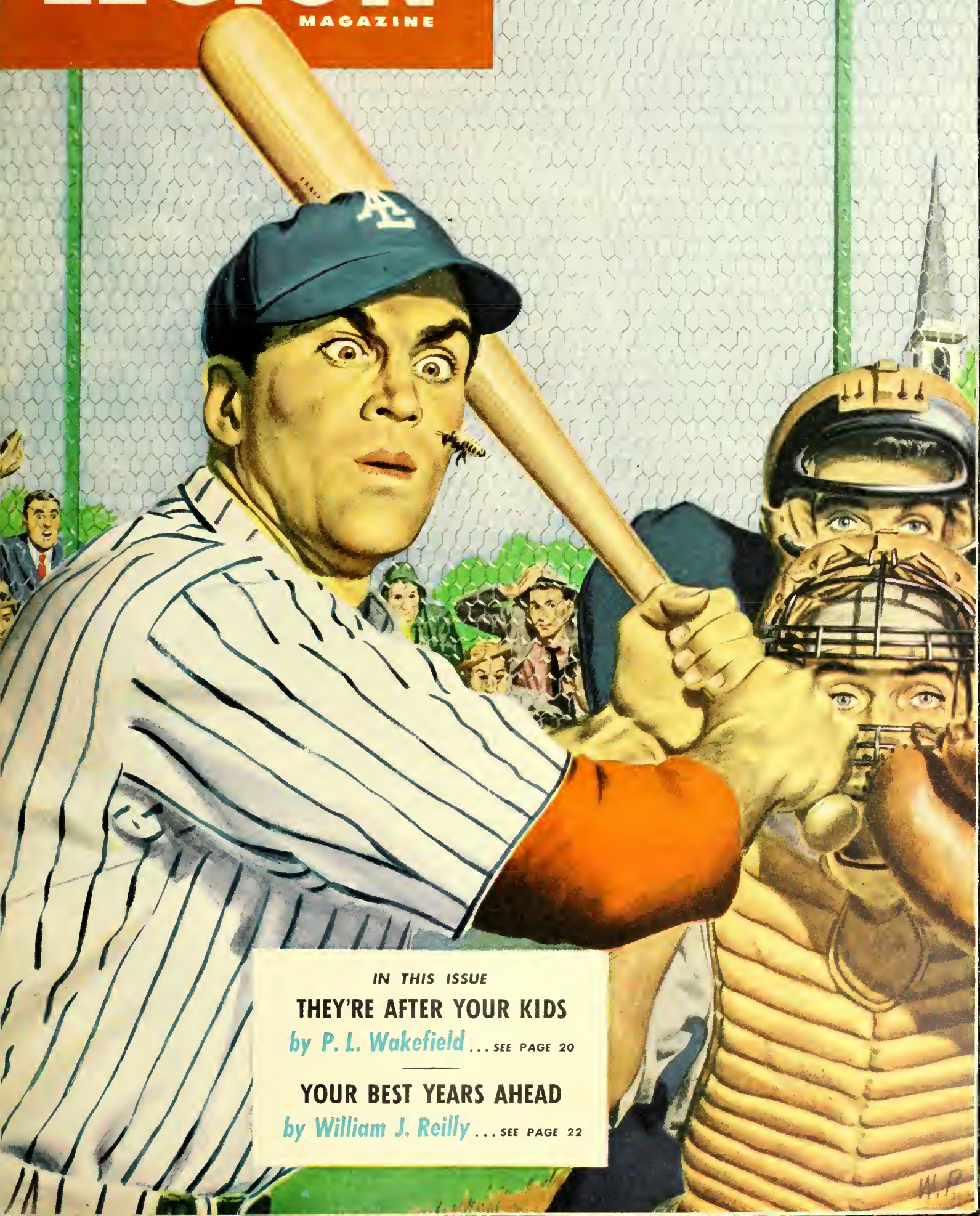


THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE

15¢



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THEY'RE AFTER YOUR KIDS

by *P. L. Wakefield* ... SEE PAGE 20

YOUR BEST YEARS AHEAD

by *William J. Reilly* ... SEE PAGE 22



URE AS SUNSET

SURE as the sun settles down in the west each night...your drinks can be the finest under the sun! Just be SURE to settle for nothing less than the best... the superb pre-war quality of 7 Crown...Seagram's finest American whiskey.

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SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK



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Few things give you so much real value at such low cost as the telephone. Sometimes, as in emergencies, the value is beyond price.

The telephone is indispensable in the smooth running of a household. It saves countless steps and time.

Helps with the shopping. Runs down town. Calls a doctor. Makes home a safer place. Provides unlimited capacity for friendship, success and good times. Enables every busi-

ness to do more business and do it better.

Your telephone is more valuable than ever today because there are 40% more telephones than there were three years ago. This means you can call more people and more can call you.

And the cost is still low. Increases in telephone rates are much less than the increases in most other things you buy. They average only a penny or so per call.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



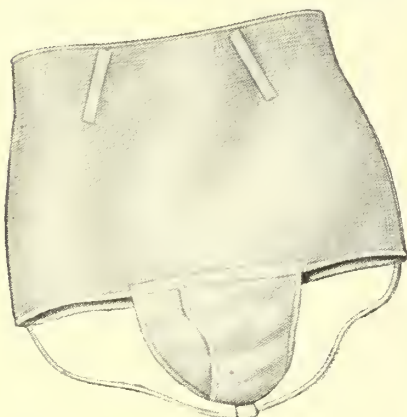
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look better,
enjoy more
comfort"*

says traveling man
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Los Angeles



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2 • The American Legion Magazine • April, 1949

Vol. 46
No. 4 THE AMERICAN

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LEGION MAGAZINE



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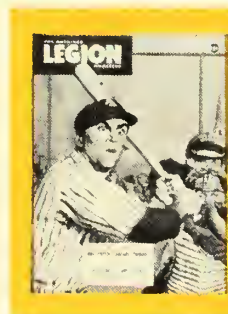
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Please notify the Circulation Department, Publication Division, Post Office Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana, if you have changed your address. Be sure to give your 1949 membership card number and both your new and your old address.



When artist Wally Richards produced the finished art for this month's cover, some of us accused him of being a press-agent for Allied Artists, movie producers. We said the character at bat is none other than William Bendix, and our cover is a subtle plug for the movie, *The Babe Ruth Story* in which Bendix played the Bambino. Richards was amazed at our base suspicions and immediately produced a photo of his model, Mike Garrett of 264 West 22nd St., New York City. Our cover is a faithful reproduction of Mike.

APRIL PICTURE CREDITS: SID LATHAM 11-12-13; SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION 14-15; THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL, PAUL PARKER, HAROLD K. WHITFORD 17; SID LATHAM 22-23; BOB GUNTORPE 24-25-26.



White side wall tires optional at extra cost.

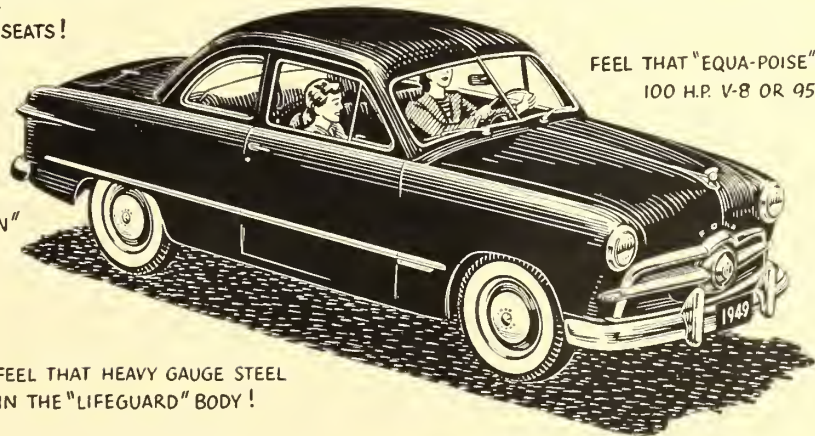
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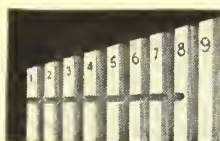


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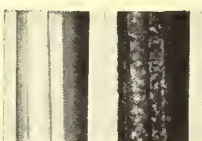
Here's Why Shooters Choose REMINGTON "HI-SPEED" 22's



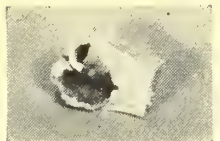
POWER...PLUS PENETRATION



Penetration Power of Remington Hi-Speed long rifle solid-point bullet will drill through seven 3/4 inch pine boards at 10-yd. range.



"Kleanbore" Priming in 30,000 rounds fired through barrel on left; 30,000 with corrosive priming through the barrel on right.



Shock Power. Look what happens to a cove of laundry soap when blasted by a Remington Hi-Speed 22 hollow-point bullet.



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Accuracy of longer ranges is yours with Remington Hi-Speed. Above: Actual laboratory photo of the bullet hitting target bull's-eye.



Smashing Energy. Solid bullet delivers sledgehammer blow equal to 158 ft.-lbs. at the muzzle. Almost 100 ft.-lbs. at 100 yds.

Another Remington 22 ammunition known for fine accuracy, uniform velocity is Remington Standard Velocity. Excellent for plinking, short range hunting, informal target shooting.



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Previews OF PRODUCTS INVENTIONS IDEAS



A sampling of products which are in process of development or are coming on the market

TWISTING A LIGHT BEAM. Now you can tie a beam of light in a knot, if you are so inclined, thanks to a new plastic called Fosterite. Developed by Newton C. Foster of the Westinghouse Research Laboratories as an insulating material for radar units, the clear, amber-colored plastic can guide a bright beam of light around the sharpest corners. Flexible, it can be tied in a knot without cracking and still conduct a light beam to its target. Although the idea of "piping" light through plastic is not new, Fosterite greatly multiplies the startling things that can be done along this line. "Pipes" made of the new plastic come in lengths up to six feet long, with thickness varying from a quarter-inch to two inches. Light entering one end follows the contours of the tube, no matter how it is twisted or bent, and emerges from the other end in a bright, concentrated spot.



SUDSY WASH CLOTH. Legionnaire Frank Vaiana has invented a practical gadget—he calls it the Jiffy Suds Wash Cloth. It is a wash cloth with a pocket in which soap is inserted. When it is moistened suds come right to hand in the volume wanted. The inventor also points out that it can be used for an ice pack. Available in a choice of colors and selling three for a dollar postpaid, the wash cloths can be obtained from the Jiffy Suds Co., 2121 Westboro Ave., Alhambra, Cal.

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED. A lot of concentrated comfort is contained in an unusual item, the Twin Sport Seat, being offered by Perfect Rubber Seat Cushion Co., 1412 Unity St., Philadelphia. Resembling a flat, oversized bun, the Twin Seat has a zipper around its circumference and opens to make two separate cushions. Or it can be opened almost all the way to become a seat and back rest combined. The outer cover is imitation leather in red, blue or green, and the filler is foam rubber. It retails for \$6.95.



POP GOES THE WIENIE. The pop-up toaster takes on a new dimension with an interesting new gadget called the Bartz Snacker. This two-piece device fits into any pop-up toaster and cooks hot dogs, hamburgers, bacon and other foods. The Snacker's two pieces come together to form a flat box with projecting handle. The food to be toasted is placed in the unit which is inserted into the toaster, and when it is ready it pops up like a piece of toast. The aluminum receptacle can, if you wish, be used as plates. Selling for \$2.98 or two for \$5, the gadget can be obtained from Bartz Snacker, 18 E. Kinzie St., Chicago 11.

WHEN THE MISSUS GOES A-SHOPPING. The ladies will go for an attractive and obviously useful handbag which expands into a shopping bag when needed. Made of Vinylite plastic sheeting, it is a trim little purse when folded and a capacious carry-all when open. It is strong, sturdy and waterproof, and can be kept spotless by wiping with a damp cloth. An inside zipper pocket is available for bills and coins. Made by Fredart Leather Goods Manufacturing Co., 230 Fifth Ave., New York City, it will retail for approximately \$2.



BREAD SAVER. Providing a handy way to keep sliced bread fresh, a new dispenser called the Bread Butler has been announced. Made of plastic, it stores a full loaf and delivers a slice at a time, as needed, by turning a knob. The dispenser, not much bigger than a loaf of bread, is said to keep a full loaf or any part of a loaf fresh for at least two weeks. Proper ventilation and moisture control are accomplished by means of small holes in the dispenser which may be punched out as needed. It retails for \$2.95.

SOMETHING KEEN FOR WOODSMEN. A radically different sports knife, one in which the handle folds around the blade to protect the user and the blade, is being placed on the market by Walteo Products Co., 2300 W. 49th St., Chicago 9. Called the Saf T Sheath knife, it comes in two models, the Fisherman and the Woodsman. The blade in each is of fine tool steel, superhardened to take and keep a keen edge. The aluminum and plastic handle which folds around the blade is shaped to fit the palm for easy use. In the Fisherman model the blade has a cutting edge on one side and a serrated edge on the other with a sharp cutting hook at the end. The safety catch works in both open and closed positions. The knives are $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches long when folded and $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches open. Weight is 4 ounces, and either model retails for \$2.95.



IS DR. GALLUP IN THE HOUSE? A new device known as a "recording opinion meter," which electrically compiles and records the opinions of a group of individuals, has been developed by the General Electric Co. The new device can measure the average opinion of a group of people numbering up to 100, automatically providing a permanent record of their opinions on a moving record chart. The device consists of a recording unit, a control unit and 100 individual hand-held units operated by those being checked. Each member of the audience expresses his opinion by turning the pointer on his unit to Very Dull, Dull, Normal, Good or Very Good. A moving strip of paper records the composite opinion.



TOOTHBRUSH STERILIZER. Advancing beyond the conventional not-too-sanitary toothbrush holder, M. J. Comito, who operates a dental laboratory at 85 Main St., Little Falls, New Jersey, has devised a sterilizing holder which keeps each brush separate from others. Each holder consists of a glass tube fastened to a bracket which mounts on the wall. The top of the glass tube contains a chemical said to provide a sterilizing action, and the toothbrush is inserted into an opening at the bottom. Each holder unit sells for a dollar and they can be mounted in sets to accommodate all members of the family.

FOR SPIC-AND-SPAN MOTORING. An inexpensive garment bag which can be used at home or when traveling in a car is being made by the Kennedy Car Liner & Bag Co., Shelbyville, Ind. Retailing for \$1.59 the bags, made of translucent Vinylite, are large enough to accommodate men's and women's suits as well as children's coats.

GOT HARD WATER? People who live in hard-water areas will be interested in a new product which dissolves lime deposits or film from glass and metal. The product, Lymoff, removes such deposits without scrubbing, scraping or damage. Offered by the Lymoff Co., 1674 Juliet Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn., the product comes in powder form, and a three-ounce package selling for 50¢ postpaid makes 40 quarts of solution.

INDOOR BARBECUE. Folks who dote on meats broiled over an outdoor grill can now enjoy them the year 'round. That is, if they have a fireplace. The Bellkool Co., Appleton, Wis., has developed a grill which swings into place over the logs or coals, and when not needed it can be removed from its supporting bracket and stored. It sells for \$19.75 prepaid from the factory.

LAST BUT BY NO MEANS LEAST. As this month's Previews material was being written a package arrived from The American Legion Emblem Division, National Headquarters, Indianapolis. It was the new 1949 catalogue of goods being offered through this official Legion agency. Most Legionnaires are of course familiar with the Emblem Division and what it has to offer. For those who are not, we strongly urge you to look up a catalogue. One is sent to every Post and your Post Adjutant will be glad to let you study it. You will probably be surprised at the variety of products available. While the name might imply that only emblems are offered this isn't so, though most of the products feature the Legion emblem. It is also worth noting that the emphasis is all on standard brands. For instance, the fountain pens offered are the famous Sheaffer line. And in this connection it will be worth your while to look at the Sheaffer Statesman Set shown. This is a handsome pen and pencil twosome bearing the Legion emblem, for \$14.25. If you want you can have your autographed signature put on the set at no extra charge, but there's an even greater plus. Orders are being filled with a brand-new model featuring what is called the Touch Down Filler, which requires only one stroke to empty, clean and re-fill the pen. This is typical of what's in the catalogue—good deals from cover to cover.

J. C. K.

When writing to manufacturers concerning items mentioned here kindly mention that you read about them in The American Legion Magazine.

ANDY VARIPAPA, Champion Bowler, performs trick "double pinochle" to demonstrate...



AMAZING

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1888... DEPENDABLE BATTERIES FOR 61 YEARS... 1949

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THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, Philadelphia 32
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto



YOUR CAREER

Do you feel like a lost sheep? Up a blind alley? In a rut? Well, anyone who says he can solve your problem when he doesn't even know you is nuts. William J. Reilly has an article in this issue called *Your Best Years—Ahead* (page 22.) It suggests some ideas for planning your career, or what remains of it, by figuring out the natural uses to which your present and past experience can be put in order to develop your life properly. But Reilly is far from nuts. What he says provides no blueprint for you. The idea of his article is not to solve your problems but to indicate a direction in which you can do some sound thinking about them.

Reilly is a career consultant. He is Director of the National Institute for Straight Thinking—a concern which helps busy clients to put their time to the best uses the way a good insurance advisor helps clients plan their financial lives.

Our article is based on some ideas which you can find developed at greater length in Reilly's latest book, *How to Avoid Work*, published by Harper and Brothers.

"BASKET CASES"

Four men survived War One with both arms and both legs missing, according to the Veterans Administration. Two servicemen of War Two lost all four limbs in the line of duty and lived to tell the tale. In this issue we present the story and pictures of one of those two, Fred Hensel, formerly of Kentucky, who now lives at Huffman, Alabama and operates a farm near Pinson, not far from his home.

We have intruded on Fred Hensel's privacy to bring you his story, and we are indebted to his cooperation for this privilege. He does not like publicity, nor do we blame him. But we of the Legion do not want the public to forget our disabled comrades, and we offer Fred Hensel's story so that the public may remember.

It was with that understanding of our motives that Hensel consented to pose for pictures. We asked our writer and photographer to promise Hensel that there would be nothing phony in our story—nothing exaggerated, nothing covered up, no shedding of alligator tears, no false hope, no wrong emphasis for the sake of fancy journalism. We believe they have kept that promise.

John Bunyan Atkins, feature writer of the nearby *Birmingham News*, who has known Hensel for several years, wrote the story. Atkins has had a long career in both Army and Navy and is a member of General Gorgas Post of the Legion in

Birmingham. Bob Gunthorpe, one of that city's top news photographers, took the pictures. The story is *One Man in Eight Million*, Page 24.

While the total number of quadruple amputees resulting from the last two wars is nowhere near as great as many sob-sisters have proclaimed, there are many thousands of veterans who lost one or more limbs in the service of their country. According to figures of the Veterans Administration released on June 30, 1947 there were 3,657 amputees of War One and 14,648 amputees of War Two.

By far the most common war-amputation is loss of one foot. The entire breakdown given by the VA follows. No mention is made of loss of two feet and one hand.

Loss of	War I	War II
1 hand	934	3,322
1 foot	2,384	10,405
2 hands	13	64
2 feet	194	731
1 hand and 1 foot	35	114
1 hand and 2 feet	5	10
2 hands and 2 feet	4	2
	3,567	14,648

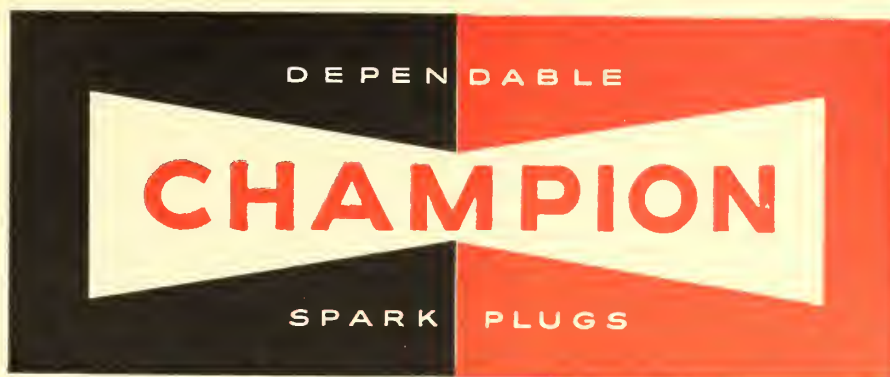
MAKING MEN

For the latest on Legion sponsorship of Boy Scout troops see *Good Turns by the Million*, by Tom MacPherson, Page 16. Not only has the American Legion long stood high among civic and patriotic organizations sponsoring Boy Scout troops, but every year since War Two the Legion has sponsored more scout troops than any other organization in the land. This record is seen by many as a reflection of the influx of younger veterans into the Legion whose own scouting activities are of recent memory, and who found their scouting work of benefit in battle.

Boyd Stutler, who served as this magazine's Pacific War Correspondent in War Two and is now our Managing Editor, recalls the story of the Filipino, Valeriano Abello, former member of Boy Scout Troop 11, Tacloban, Leyte. Abello, with two companions, appeared on the shores of Leyte on D-Day. Using his scouting knowledge he semaphored a U. S. destroyer to permit him to direct the shelling of Jap shore installations, which he had helped construct as a slave-laborer of the Japanese. Under heavy fire from the Japs, Abello and his companions reached the destroyer in their little outrigger and spent the day putting the finger on hidden Jap guns. His scouting knowledge put him in a position to eradicate enemy fire and to prevent random shelling of towns by our naval guns.

ANOTHER SWINDLE

On Page 20 P. L. Wakefield exposes an ugly little racket that goes on all the time. The "beauty" of the gyp side of talent scouting is that nobody really wants to convince himself that he, or his child, cannot rise to fame and fortune in the glittering world of radio, movies, stage or the associated arts. So the crook who holds out a fake offer of theatrical success seldom meets much opposition from the victim. To see how he operates from there read *Beware the Talent Racketeer*. R.B.P.



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FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

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MILES OF FUN

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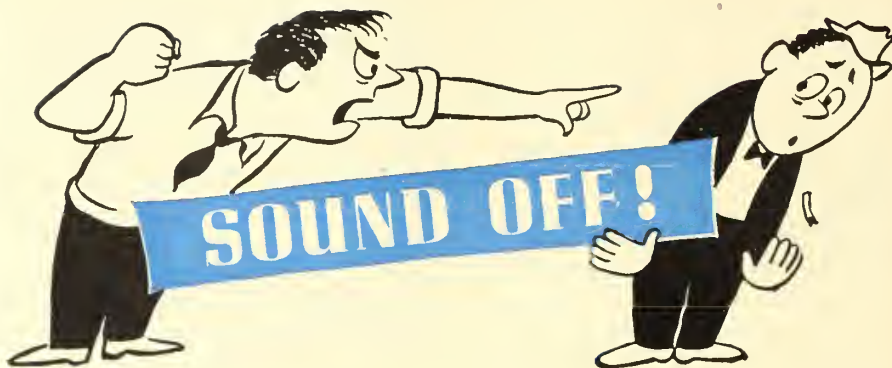


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Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. So many letters are being received it is not possible to promise answers. Keep your letter short. Address: *Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

COMRADE AND BUDDY

Isn't it about time The American Legion dropped the ridiculous and communistic salutation of "Comrade"? What are we, a bunch of Communists?

I believe the origin of this was during World War I, when surrendering German soldiers threw up their hands and cried "Kamarad!"

Can't we think up something more appropriate and American?

Roland Bendel
Decoto, California

Why don't Legion Posts use the word *Buddy* instead of *Comrade*, better known as *Kamarat* in Russia and Germany.

Let's hear from you Buddies what you think of this.

Buddy Henry P. Chesney
North Arlington, N. J.

▼ "Buddy" has its points, as any WWI veteran will maintain. But it does not have the authority or sentiment that goes with "comrade," and we do not intend to surrender that word, which fighting men of the Civil War, North and South, held in high esteem. The commies have indeed tried to steal it, but we ought not to let them get away with it. Or should we?

Editors

THOSE "BLOOMING YANKS"

The August 1948 edition of your magazine has recently reached me, and I should like to pay tribute in saying how very much I have enjoyed its reading.

In *Parting Shots* you published a letter by Marshall K. McClelland entitled *Fast Operators*. I wish to contradict Mr. Marshall's opinion that we British put up with what he terms *The American Invasion*, merely because we had no alternative. The G. I.'s friendliness and the wonderful gift they have of infecting others with their own air of happiness, will long be remembered here, and when they left there were very few who did not feel that they had lost good friends.

As for the sign that Marshall McClelland refers to *Please Yank Drive Slowly—The Child Playing in the Street May Be Yours*, personally I never chanced upon a G. I. who was other than a gentleman, chivalrous and respectful always, and I am en-

closing a photograph to show that I was not exactly senile!

I am not trying to prove that the American Army had haloes issued with their kit, but I sincerely believe that those who erred did so on a 50-50 basis, having



JAY CLAYTON

been aided, and oftentimes encouraged by the wrong type of girl—in any case this sort of thing is peculiar to no one race or country.

We enjoyed having the boys. We miss them and even those who refer to them as the "Blooming Yanks" do so with nostalgia.

Jay Clayton
Henllys, Cwmbran
Monmouthshire, England

▼ Jay didn't let us know as to her marital status, but from her picture we'd say if she's a spinster it's because she wanted it that way. We had a little difficulty deciphering that *Cwmbran*, but the British Information Services in New York City gave us a hand. One of the men on our staff who was stationed in Monmouthshire for a time during the war says he wishes he had met Jay, and no doubt he echoes the feelings of many a Legionnaire on seeing her picture. Editors

THAT AFFIDAVIT

I have been a member of the American Legion for only a little over a year now. But I have been following the letters that have been coming out in your "Sound Off!" Dept. every month.

I would like to express my view concerning the signing of the "communist" (Continued on page 51)

Smart Men like PM!
Yes...it's Pleasing Millions!

PM

BLENDED WHISKEY

for that
**clear
clean
taste**



Smart Men buy **PM** *over...and over...and over again*
FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Spring...
time to



Change

See your Texaco Dealer for a Spring Check-Up

He'll drain and flush radiator, check spark plugs, battery, tires . . . make complete under-car inspection. He'll fill your crankcase with HAVOLINE, the modern motor oil that *cleans* as it lubricates. He'll lubricate the chassis with MARFAK, Texaco's tough, long-lasting lubricant . . . to give you that "cushiony" feeling as

you drive. He'll protect gears with proper Texaco Spring grade lubricants. And he'll fill your tank with Texaco SKY CHIEF gasoline, the luxury motor fuel . . . or with Texaco FIRE-CHIEF, the emergency power gasoline that sells at *regular* prices. Drive in and see your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car ever had.*

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada



TUNE IN . . .

TEXACO STAR THEATER every Wednesday night starring Milton Berle. See newspaper for time and station.

"The Man I Love." Marjorie Anderson torches a bedside ballad to the rhythm of Ed Wedge's guitar



The American
LEGION
Magazine

Stars of the Hospital Circuit

No Broadway hit rates more applause than the shows for disabled vets

By **BOB FRANCIS**

PHOTOS BY SID LATHAM

"H I, EVERYBODY! We're going to do a show produced expressly for you by Veterans Hospital Camp Shows. We're glad to be here and we hope you'll like it."

Femme-cee Evelyn Farney steps back and the Lee Foster Quartet, accordion, fiddle, slap bass and guitar, snap into a hot medley. Wheel-chairs push up close and there is a general gang-up on the nearest beds. It's early afternoon in a ward of Tilton General Hospital at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and VHCS' "Happy Go Lucky" revue is

under way, thanks to show business.

This is no celebrity show — no "big names" to quip and handshake — but just a crew of good, working actors who know how to dish up informal entertainment. Practically all of them are veterans of wartime troop-entertainment circuits, and they're still on the job, after a lot of the bloom has been rubbed off the personal glory peach. So within five minutes the ice is broken and everybody's in the act. Blond Marjorie Anderson chants sultry love ditties from the foot of a bed. Magician Norma Krieger does close-up mystifying. Stacy Clyde's burlesques of Hildegard and some movie big shots who might frequent her night



Primping up. Stacy Clyde waits turn at dressing table while Marjorie finishes hair-do



A QUARTET OF ACHING BACKS

▲ **STACY CLYDE**, Mimic, gets enthusiastic co-operation for impersonation of night club queen

▼ **VENTRILOQUIST**, Hank Siemon's pal Archie gets local tonsorial advice



A KNOT OFF THE FAMILY TREE



INFORMAL HEEL AND TOE

▲ **FEMME-CEE**, **EVELYN FARNEY**, picks 'em up and lays 'em down to Dot Siemon's accompaniment

▼ **EVELYN FARNEY**, Stacy Clyde and Magician, Norma Krieger, calorize before the evening show



TIME OUT FOR CHOW



"HAPPY GO LUCKY" gets a reception to encourage an actor to break a leg—and love it



A LIVE stand-in for Archie, the dummy

club get appreciative howls. An amputee, Arthur Dick, makes light of his handicap with an exhibition of crutch gymnastics and jitterbugging. Ventriloquist Hank Siemon's impudent pal "Archie" is everybody's pal in no time, and Miss Farney adds a bit of heel-and-toe and a song or two to her emcee chores.

From the audience point of view, it seems to be over all too soon. But there are other wards waiting and the afternoon is short, so the troupe picks up its props and instruments and moves on. By six o'clock three more shows have been given, plus a stop at the camp's radio station, and it's time out for chow before the main performance in the recreation hall. But even while plying knife and fork, the troupe is still more or less on the entertainment beat. There are no reserved tables, no chit-chat with "brass." They all push their trays with the gang and park wherever they can find a chair with the boys.

By half past seven the recreation hall is packed to the last seat. The stage show follows much the same pattern as those given in the wards, except that it is longer and more elaborate. Again there is plenty of audience participation, with magician Krieger extracting a small fortune from the uniform of a slightly bewildered patient and Hank Siemon getting a hilarious assist from an amateur stand-in for Archie, the dummy. Everybody seems to have a whale of a time and a lot of

them hang around the hall afterward, until literally shooed out by the local Red Cross crew.

There is no doubt as to the sincerity of femme-cee Farney's last introductory line. The troupe is definitely glad to be there. Any one of them could likely make more money playing vaudeville or clubs, but this reception they get on the hospital circuit is the sort of thing an actor dreams about. And as far as "Happy Go Lucky" is concerned, there is no question about the boys liking it.

"Lucky" is one of 10 units sponsored by Veterans Hospital Camp Shows which currently cover a countrywide circuit of 120 hospitals in 42 states. By careful routing this insures a new show every three weeks for each hospital, most of which are in small towns, remote from entertainment centers. VHCS is a follow-up of the USO-Camp Shows which as a wartime agency naturally had to make an eventual bow-out. However, since the latter at the request of General Omar Bradley in 1946 had extended its activities to cover all Veterans Administration installations, show business banded together to provide an organization to continue live entertainment for hospitalized veterans as long as it would aid in their recovery. VHCS was the result; during 1948 it launched 20 units with funds made available by the board of directors of the United Service Organization, when that body



AMPUTEE ARTHUR DICK and his wife, Mildred, prove that three feet can cut a rug

Father Jubilo and the Wild



The Motilones got the photographer who took this picture.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Jungle-wise old-timers said you had to pack a gun if you went near the Motilones. But the old priest didn't agree

By WILLIAM LA VARRE

ILLUSTRATED BY GIL FULLINGTON



THE GUARDS didn't suspect

FATHER JUBILO, the civilized people of the Magdalena often reminded each other, was just too good for this world. He was always seeing angels where he should have seen devils—or savages. He was a very fat little man with a jolly pink face; a jovial Irishman in the often gloomy South American jungle. His wiry grey hair stuck out around his top-bald head like a

silvery halo frequently alit in the tropical sunbeams. In a thousand square miles of witch doctors and native antagonisms Father Jubilo was civilization's most fearless and constant salesman for God, the Angels, the Saints—and peace.

As he came toward me on an otherwise unpleasant jungle trail his black cassock was weighted down with mud around his boots and he looked like

NOT EVERYONE who traveled into this part of South America came out alive

a gleeful penguin waddling nearer and nearer on much too short legs.

"Good morning!" he said jovially. "A fine day, isn't it!"

"Not very!" I grunted. "Another surveyor has been killed on the pipeline!"

"Motilones?" he asked, sitting down with a sigh on a mossy log.

"Motilones!" I repeated. "His three companions didn't suspect there were Motilones within shooting distance—until they backtracked on the trail to see why he was no longer with them. There he was, sprawled across the trail, shot through the back with a Motilon arrow! That's eight white men they've killed—silently! Twenty-one police dogs, too!"

Father Jubilo massaged his hair halo silently for several moments as he habitually did when faced with evidence of man's wickedness. "I've often



Indians



there were Motilones within shooting distance till they found the surveyor sprawled across the trail, dead

asked myself," he said, "what I would think if I were a Motilon Indian instead of a priest. The Motilones could make speeches, too, if they had Deputies, or votes, in the Legislature! We *civilizados*, they could say, have suddenly begun creeping up around them with big dogs and other weapons, pointing the muzzles of long steel pipes at Motilon villages and Motilon farms."

"Well, Father," I said, "what would you think, or do, if you were not priest — but oil man?"

He chuckled softly to himself as though all sorts of visions were dancing in his head. "I'd first try to prove that oil men, though not Saints, are certainly not Devils," he said. "I'd send no more surveying or geological ground expeditions into Motilon Country until I had their tribal permission. I'd learn their language so I could talk our problems over with them. I'd agree

to pay them a royalty for every barrel of oil I pumped out of Motilon Country — just as I'd have to do if they were not Motilones but *civilizados* — or *políticos*!

"Yes, I have some ideas," he continued seriously, "and I think they might create assets for Indians as well as Oil Men. If the oil companies would have patience, keep their men out of Motilon Country for six months, and let me make friends with the Indians. I could do it. First I'll have to persuade the Motilones to trust *me*. Then I can persuade them to trust other white men, oil men in particular. It would cost the oil companies very little," he said. "I'd need a small airplane, a skillful pilot..."

The oil officials, assembled in Barranquilla, were skeptical. Father Jubilo, they said, lived in a dream world behind his rose colored glasses.

History proved that the Motilones were not civilizable like other tribes. Many white men, including missionaries had been killed and not even one Motilon had ever become friendly.

One hundred million barrels of oil, they knew from air and geological surveys, lay waiting for *use* in the mountains and river valley of the Motilon country, the watershed between the Maracaibo and Magdalena. Should less than fifteen hundred wild indians be allowed to keep that modern treasure from the rest of the world?

But Father Jubilo, a persuasive man of God with primitive people, was persuasive also with oil men. When I next heard of him he was no longer waddling through the mud of the Colombian jungle. He was flying back and forth over Motilon country in a specially imported airplane, painted with bright (Continued on page 39)

Good Turns by the Million



LIFESAIVING, Boy Scout style. (1) The underwater approach

Navy Commander Fluckey's ex-Boy Scouts
did such great work that when he got home....
Then there's the Most Remarkable Scout Troop
in the world, a Legion-Sponsored group

By TOM MACPHERSON



DO THEY STILL rub two Boy Scouts together to start a fire? Do they still need old ladies to escort Scouts across the streets, or was that vice versa?

I dropped in on Tom Keane, a man who knows the answers to these and other questions about the Boy Scouts because he's up to his eyebrows in Scout activities every day. Tom sees the Scouts and The American Legion as mighty forces of Americanism, and he's proud of the fact that they work together so well — actually, in the past two years the Legion has led all national organizations in the launching of Boy Scout troops.

Tom has a wide, infectious grin, and before he could answer my question about old ladies, street crossings and

Scouts, I was grinning too. Said Tom: "Let me tell you about how one good Scout helped two ladies over a rough spot.

"This yarn's about General Eisenhower, long before the world came to know him as 'Ike.' His son John was thirteen and heading for First Class Scout rank, and had to make a fourteen-mile hike to qualify. The Eisenhowers were ranching out in some wild country at that time, and John's mother and grandmother didn't like the idea of his going alone.

"But John, son of his father that he was, was determined to make the hike, and over the protests of the ladies he set out. He hadn't been gone an hour, when mother and grandmother prevailed upon Ike to chase after him in

a station wagon with a big bottle of orange juice. When Ike caught up with his son, John was dusty, weary, and tripping over his tongue. When his father held out the juice, he licked his lips ruefully and refused to drink it. He told his father that under the rules he could not accept help from anyone along the way, that what he didn't bring with him, or find along the route, he must do without.

"Beaming, the General climbed back into the station wagon. Proud as only the soldier-father of a good soldier could be, Ike went home . . . alone."

"And what happened to the orange juice?"

"Neither John's mother nor grandmother ever knew, though both probably still think they do. Ike is the only one who really knows, but he's not telling."

He leaned back and chuckled, while we glanced at our notes to see where we were supposed to be. Ah, yes — the old ladies and the stick-rubbing. To sneak up on Tom we casually admitted we didn't know young Eisenhower had been a Scout and asked whether there were other famous service men who had.

"Whole boatloads* of 'em," he snapped right back, "and one boatload

**This is the sort of salty stuff you might expect from former Commander Tom Keane of the U. S. Naval Reserve, Director of Civic Relations of the Boy Scouts of America.*



(2) **THE BEST CARRY**, almost completely fool-proof



(3) **THE ALL-IMPORTANT** job of resuscitation

in particular. Only this boatload happened to be a submarine. Didn't you hear the Legion broadcast last January about the *Barb*?"

"That program comes our way at six in the morning," I alibied, "and that's too . . ."

"I know," Tom countered. "but this one was worth getting up for. This pigboat, the *Barb*, was on Pacific patrol under Commander Fluckey. One day, while off the Nip coast, some of the crew talked up a good itch to sneak ashore with TNT and blow some trains sky high.

"They had no trouble at all talking the old man into the deal, but were surprised when, calling for volunteers,

he asked 'How many of you men have been Boy Scouts?'

"After he got his Scouts, he asked how many remembered any part of their Bird Study Merit Badge work. He got enough, that with a little practice and a lot of invention they had a whole set of bird calls for signals.

"They went ashore, and they had a few close calls, but they mined the rails. The bird calls from the lookout and the *Barb* guided them back safely. They got aboard just in time to see a Nip train turned into a fireworks display.

"When they got home Commander Fluckey found himself with another Navy Cross to add to his Congressional Medal of Honor and three Navy

Crosses. Fluckey is one of the most highly decorated men in the United States Navy, and you wanna know something?

"After the shooting was over, Eugene Fluckey boned up on a few subjects and added still another medal to his chest. *Eagle Scout!*

"And some of these comedians just say 'bird watcher' and expect their audience to die laughing."

I began to feel it was kinda unimportant whether or not the old lady ever got across—anyway, grandma no longer waits for a Boy Scout; she just steps on the gas and lets the other guy worry about the right of way.

"The youngsters who were still Scouts during the war," resumed Keane, "were on the ball, too. F'rinstance, remember when the airplane factories sent out an S.O.S. for some scrap aluminum? Everybody got into the act. Dowagers and club leaders rolled up their sleeves and tossed cooking utensils into fire engines—while newsreels were grinding. Entertainers and politicians, industrial leaders and labor leaders all came out and, in spite of the glare of kleig lights, they managed to round up one and a half million pounds of aluminum.

"But, the factories needed twelve million, so the following week the Boy Scouts hauled their wagons around and came in with the other ten and a half million. No cameras, no newsreels, just aluminum (Continued on page 40)

HONOR THE DEAD: The Scouts do a grand job each Memorial Day



HELP THE LIVING: In disasters the kids are men, king size



How



By PETE BARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY WHITNEY DARROW, JR.



WHEN A FISH takes an angler's lure and learns too late there is a hook in it, a wonderful opportunity for the man immediately exists. If the fish is worth catching and the tackle is reasonably well matched to it, then the man can engage in an entrancing battle, the delicate tricks of which are best compared with fencing or a blind wrestling match. This applies as well to the case of a 3-pound black bass as to a 600-pound striped marlin.

The strength of the tackle and the fisherman's skill are all that bind him to the fish. He becomes a sort of dueler, ever sensitive, through his fingertips, to the plans and moves of his antagonist. Limited in the amount of force he can use by the deliberate weakness of his gear, the angler falls back on guile, tries to twist every chance happening to his advantage. And when these fail, when there is just the strength of the tackle—and this near the breaking point—the scales are so delicately balanced that it becomes almost unendurable to hold the rod.

But man can think, and this is his best weapon in playing a fish. Knowing his opponent's habits, he can, by thinking, usually be prepared for all that is to come, whether on lake, stream or

sea. The steelhead trout dashes downstream at the stab of the hook; the man lets him run. The tarpon jumps and shakes while in mid-air; the angler is ready to keep the tension just so. Whatever the fish the principles of conquering him are all the same so long as the fisherman is enough of a sportsman not to overmatch his quarry with too-heavy tackle. The fish takes most of the initiative and the angler's skill anticipates and restrains each move until the fish is worn out and docile. In such an even match the man cannot use brute force without breaking the equipment or losing the fish at some point. A taut line is kept on the fish because this favors the fisherman. The fish fights against the pull and it is harder for him to eject the hook—but if the line is too taut it may break or tear the hook out. The problem of the fisherman as the battle shifts and the prey changes tactics with surprising suddenness is a nice one.

But before all this can happen, the hook must be set in a fish.

To do this, the rod has to be jerked sharply enough to bury the hook point past the barb. In the case of small hooks such as are found on flies and other small lures, the striking blow—and it is exactly that—is often delivered by a slight flexing of the rod. A practiced fly-rod or spinning angler can do this so swiftly and automatically the instant a fish strikes, it appears to the casual observer that the fisherman is suddenly playing a fish without first having troubled to hook it.

Sometimes this actually happens when a fish takes the fly while moving away from the angler.

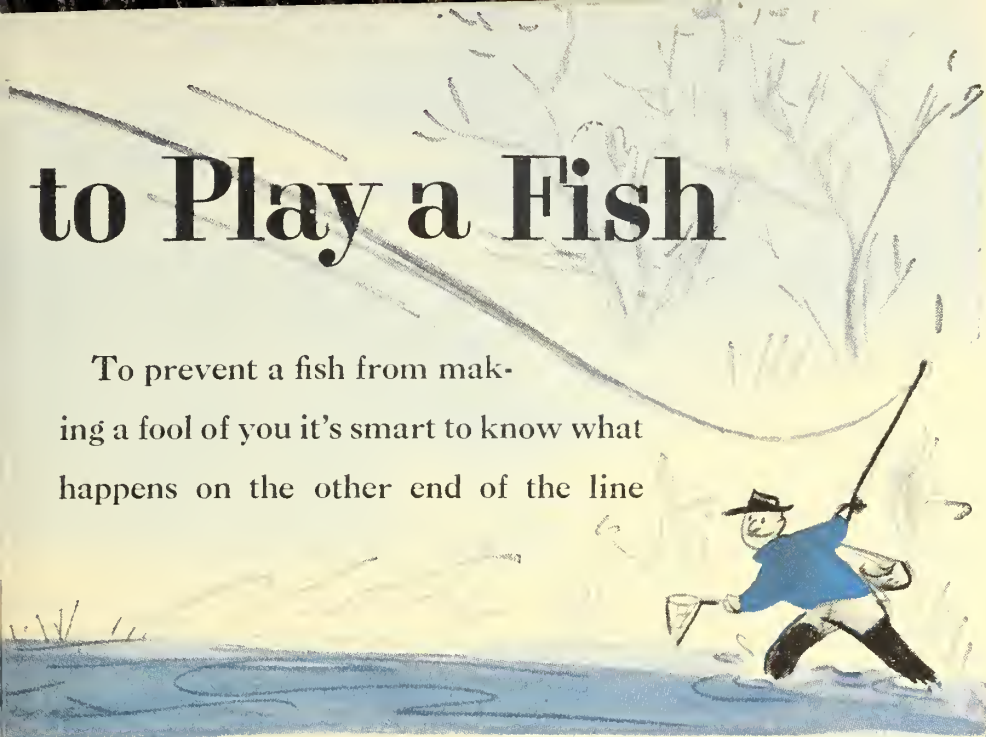
But in the case of long casts, particularly if made downstream, more power is needed because of water resistance to the fly line. A sound practice at such times is to set the hook with the rod in a vertical position, as this tends to lift some of the line clear of the surface. And when a lot of line is out, as

YOU can be embarrassed right up to the last minute



to Play a Fish

To prevent a fish from making a fool of you it's smart to know what happens on the other end of the line



when trolling or bait-casting, or when three hooks must be set, a much stronger strike is necessary—usually a powerful jerk with both hands on the rod.

Flies, small lures, bait-casting and trolling rigs so far mentioned are all artificial baits which, when taken by a fish, require an immediate strike from the angler. The falsity of the artificial lure is quickly apparent to the fish and he will reject it in a hurry if the hook is not set promptly. It is different when real fish food, such as a small fish, is placed on the hook to bait a bigger one. Many species of fish go through the motions of killing the bait, turning it over in their mouths, then swallowing it headfirst. Some just champ and then swallow. In such cases a premature strike may mean a complete miss, for one may pull while the fish is not holding the bait. Thus the bait-fisherman must know the table manners of his quarry.

I once had to wait an almost unbearably long time while a muskellunge in New York's Chazy River mulled over a 10-inch sucker bait. The muskie took the sucker in a boil of foam and returned to his lair under a weed bed. I knew the muskie would champ the sucker crosswise for a while to "kill" it (the bait was dead), then spit it out and take it again, this time headfirst. During these goings on I also knew the big fish would hardly stir, that the time to set the hook was when he moved away. Instead of the usual few minutes, this particular muskie lay quiet for nearly half an hour. I don't have the nervous system of a cat, and those thirty minutes—with all the world reduced to the feel of the motionless rod

in my two hands—became an eternity.

I made sure the line was just taut enough to telegraph any movements down the rod to me and when at last the muskellunge moved I drove the single hook into him with one sharp yank of the rod. The successful battle that followed was an anticlimax, for in this rare instance the setting of the hook was the big thrill.

These waiting tactics apply with slight variations to all bait fishing in salt and fresh water, except when easily swallowed baits are used. Light, unalarming contact is maintained with the fish until it is time to strike him.

In most cases there is a moment of great importance to the angler which occurs an instant after the hook has been set. The fish has just been dealt a blow and chances are it will take him a short time—only a second, perhaps—to recover from it. During this second it is frequently possible for the fisherman to make the first move and thereby get the battle going his way. He may even win it hands down. All he

has to do is start pulling immediately.

The commonest and most frequently successful example of this occurs in fishing with a strong line—a cane pole and a bobber. The fish is hooked and hauled from the water in one continuous motion, before he has had a chance to get organized and fight. This is not said in condemnation, but merely to illustrate a point: by pulling first, the angler starts the fish moving toward him and wins an advantage.

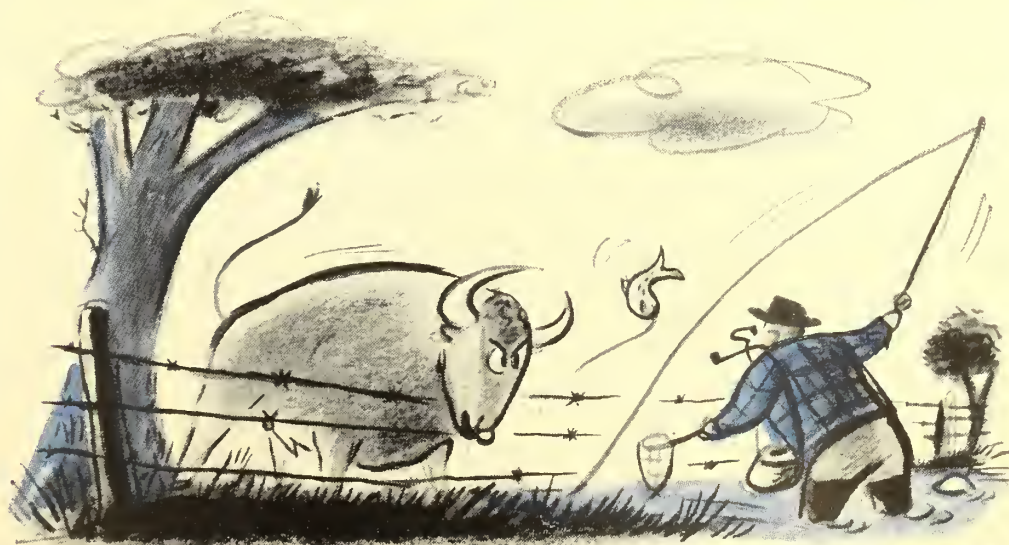
Suppose a man is fishing a lure at the edge of a dense weed tangle and socks into a fish. The latter would be a fool not to bolt into this handy cover if he could. And the angler would be a fool not to start pulling immediately. No matter how large the fish, if he is hauled only a few feet before he realizes what's going on, he may never get back to those weeds.

Sometimes this momentary advantage can be parlayed into a neat win if the man is using a rig with which he can reel fast and evenly. When in dire need of a fish for the pan, I have hooked and hurried in to shore fair-sized black bass, pickerel and pike. Once I'd got one coming, I reeled for all the tackle would bear, never letting the fish start a run or gather for a leap. Many people know only this method of fishing, and they catch all the small ones and lose most of the big ones—hence so many stories of the big one that got away.

Here's what happens in the water. The fish is thrown off balance and yanked forward. He begins to swim in this direction, probably intending to fight back. But unless he swims faster than the angler reels and so gains slack line on which to turn or jump, or unless he is strong enough to angle away and work the flat of his body against the man, the fish is licked.

Also, he may literally be drowned if hooked in the lower jaw in such a way that he cannot clamp his mouth shut. A fish "breathes"—works his gills—with a closed (Continued on page 53)

TACKLE is too light to drag fish upstream. Problem: what do you do now?





FROZEN STIFF with fright, his arms glued to his sides, Johnny mumbled the lyrics of a hillbilly ballad. Harry acted delight

Beware the Talent

How young children and older girls are
being singled out for some new swindles

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE REMUS

FOR ALL OF 48 hours recently I was a talent scout. I was, to all intents and purposes, seeking children to go on television. I was Mr. Curtiss, "who just flew in from Hollywood" to find smart youngsters.

Actually I know nothing about talent, and I've never been anywhere near Hollywood. But in the talent scout racket one doesn't worry much about the truth. To give you an idea, when I was being taught the ropes by a genial swindler by the name of Harry, I asked him how he sized up talent. Specifically, I wanted to know

why he had just signed up the parents of a boy who couldn't even keep a tune. Harry stopped on the landing of the dingy tenement and poked his finger in my vest.

"Look," he said, "the kid could walk and talk, couldn't he? His old man had five bucks, didn't he?"

"Yes," I agreed, "but you promised the boy's parents you'd get him on television."

"So what," he shrugged. "I'm through with him as soon as I sign him up. Let the school worry about the rest. My job's to sell 'em, not learn 'em. Anyway the stuff they get learned won't hurt 'em."

That's it in a nutshell, the hard-boiled, cynical attitude of these small-time crooks toward your children. There's gold in kids, these swindlers



and called him a future Roy Rogers



THE MODEL AGENT sends her to a photographer. The pictures are nudes

Racketeer

By P. L. WAKEFIELD

know, and in a parent's natural pride in his offspring. And, the racketeers are sinking their mine shafts all over the place.

The particular project with which I got entangled was a fairly simple thing, and no one could have complained of it if it had been honestly sold. We were signing up boys and girls for long-term dance and music courses, and the studios were on the level. As Talent Scout Harry told me, "The stuff they get learned won't hurt 'em." However, there are some other swindles perpetrated by exploiters of talent which are downright vicious.

For instance, legitimate model agencies have for long been trying to clean house of the thieves and panders operating as model agents. Indeed, as this is written one of the country's most

publicized merchants of glamor is scheduled for trial for sharp practices. Incidentally, this same character advertises extensively in metropolitan newspapers for good-looking children and women, so presumably his busi-



THE SALESMEN carry impressive cards identifying them as talent scouts

ness prospers despite the unfavorable publicity he gets.

But even more reprehensible than such a person is the racketeer who seeks modeling talent for purposes of vice. *Hold-It*, the professional models' magazine, in reporting a recent case in Hollywood, outlined the procedure:

"A woman or girl, enticed by a fake agent's offer, visits his agency. She is flattered into believing she is 'the type for success in modeling,' and urged to register for a job. This costs her \$5 or more. Then comes the advice to have some 'file' pictures made so that 'movie scouts and photographers who hire models' may choose from them. The girl shells out at least another \$25. The pictures are invariably nudes.

"The agent suggests a certain hair stylist and (Continued on page 41)



Your Best

No matter how young you are,
now is the time to start thinking about
yourself a few years hence

By **WILLIAM J. REILLY**

Career Consultant

IT MAKES no difference how successful you are or how much money you're making, sooner or later, maybe as early as 45 or 50, you're going to be considered too old for your present job and you may be replaced by someone younger.

In fact, the dominant fear common to most successful men is that they will some day lose the income and prestige which go with a good position. Yet far too many men put off doing anything about it until lightning actually strikes.

Just recently, a good friend of mine handed me a letter that he had received from his boss that very morning. I opened it up and began reading:

Dear John:

In connection with a general organization shake-up and cut-back, the Board of Directors has decided to discontinue your branch office.

This is a disappointment to me as I know it must be to you.

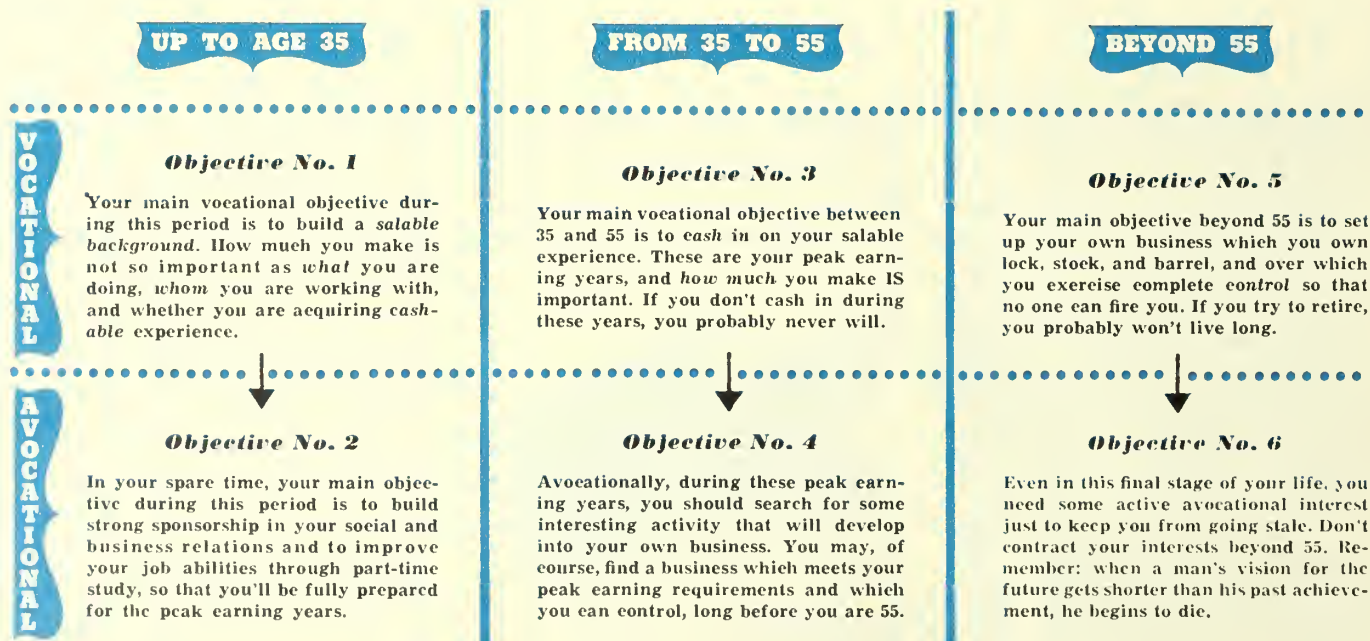
Because of my high regard for your ability, and my knowledge of the outstanding job you have done

for us in all the difficult assignments you have had in the past years, I naturally thought of the possibility of our using your services in some other department of the business.

However, since there appears to be no other opening in the organization where you might fit, it is my unpleasant duty to ask you . . .

I had read enough. I looked up at John's face and there was an ominous moment that was anything but pleasant. There was a tight, grim expression around his lips.

How to Plan the Three Main Periods of Your Life



Years ... Ahead

"Looks like this is it," he said, hopelessly. "Looks like the fade-out for me. Where am I going to land the kind of job I've been used to? Who's going to hire a man in his fifties?"

This is not an unusual experience for me. In our career consultations, I

find an alarming increase in problem cases among men in their late forties or in their fifties who suddenly lose their jobs and find considerable difficulty in trying to get relocated.

There is no real excuse for this unhappy situation.

How One Man Charted His Course



1. VOCATION: A dog food salesman, he built up his territory. His goal was to be named sales manager



2. AVOCATION: To increase his value to his employer he took evening courses in sales management



3. VOCATION: He reached his goal and was appointed sales manager for a manufacturer of dog food



4. AVOCATION: In his spare time he made a study of kennel properties and learned how they were run



5. VOCATION: Retiring from his sales job he opened up his own kennel—boarding, breeding and handling dogs



6. AVOCATION: Since he is his own boss he can on occasion get away from his job through his new hobby, sailing

After all, life is predictable. Every one of us knows that, because of the blessings of medical science and the great advances that have been made in the improvement of our diet, we have a good chance to live to a ripe old age. Yet most men fail, in their prime, to look forward to the later years and to make adequate preparation so that they anticipate these years with pleasure instead of dread their coming.

However, some men are wise enough in their thirties, or at least in their forties, to look ahead and make plans. No matter how young or how old you are, now is the time to start planning your life so that you can control your own future—with pleasure!

In working out your own tailor-made plan, you'll find it helpful to divide your life into three main periods—up to 35 years of age, from 35 to 55, and beyond 55.

The age groups given in the diagram are merely rough approximations. How fast you progress is largely up to you. After all, many men and women build a salable background before they are 35, and many are ready to go into business for themselves long before they are 55.

If You're Under 35

If you're under 35, you should have specific ideas concerning:

1. What kind of job you're shooting for at 35.
2. How much money you want to make during your peak earning years.
3. What education and experience are required to reach these goals.

Charlie Harmon decided when he was 26 that he wanted to be an advertising manager in a large national organization. In order to get the required experience, Charlie deliberately planned to spend three years selling printing, three years with an advertising agency, and three years selling national advertising space in a good national magazine. He also planned to see to it that his income would reach the \$10,000 mark at 35.

After "serving his time" selling printing and then "sweating it out" in an advertising agency, Charlie got a job selling magazine space, and at 34 he did such an outstanding job in servicing a large midwestern advertiser for the magazine he was selling, that this advertiser asked him to come in as advertising manager. He's been going strong ever since.

Glenn Thomas, a struggling young accountant, decided when he was 29, that he would shoot for the job of assistant general manager in a good textile company (Continued on page 37)



FRED HENSEL, one of two War II vets to lose all four limbs, and brother-in-law **Leland Hart** inspect one of Fred's pure-bred Jersey bull calves. Spontaneous gifts of money paid for Hensel's farm. He has a growing cattle herd, quit chickens as risky

One Man in Eight Million

By JOHN BUNYAN ATKINS

Two out of sixteen million servicemen in War Two survived the loss of both arms and both legs. Fred Hensel is one of them

PHOTOS BY BOB GUNTORPE

LISTEN TO THIS," grinned Fred Hensel from his wheelchair. "She doesn't want me to kill the little squirrels."

The letter was from a woman who had read of Fred's love for still-hunting, one of the few manual acts he can do unaided. Fred took it good-naturedly.

He accepted the scolding in the same spirit that he accepts his physical condition. He is one of the 14,648 amputees who came out of World War II. He left both legs and one arm in Okinawa. Doctors amputated the other arm. Only he and one other man lost all four limbs. The other is James Wilson of Jacksonville, Florida, injured in a B-24 crash near Burlington, Vermont, and now a pre-law student at the Uni-

versity of Florida under Public Law 16.

Hensel is not bitter about the war. Nor does he blame anyone for his misfortune. "It was the chance we all had to take," he says. He jokes about the mine explosion which made him one of the two "basket cases" in the last war. He gives the Japanese credit for outwitting him and laughs, "The thing blew me sky high."

Fred loses his temper only when you bring up the subject of artificial legs. He has a pair. But they are like the shoes that don't fit. They are stored in the closet.

Without them he successfully manages his 143-acre farm near Birmingham, Alabama, and wears a smile that is contagious. He believes he is doing all right. And those who pity him waste their words.

Those who ask Fred why he doesn't wear his artificial legs get a quick answer. The pair he has now don't fit.

SQUIRREL HUNTING



HENSEL likes to hunt with the special gun he designed. To fire he moves jaw

FAVORITE CAR



FRED, with his wife and nephew, drives jeep on his farm. Special pipe from left shoulder operates clutch. Hensel prefers the jeep to all other vehicles

HIS WIFE JEWELL is Hensel's mainstay in life, seldom far from him. They like movies and quiet evenings at home with nephew Jimmy Wayne Walters

THE HENSELS AT HOME



UPSTAIRS AND DOWN



(continued on next page)



"WALKING" IN THE GARDEN

RAMPS about the house let Hensel get around the yard in wheelchair



MANAGING HIS BUSINESS

HENSEL personally supervises work on his farm, even to servicing of machinery. Here he chats with brother-in-law Leland Hart while Hart lubricates tractor



"GOOD" RIGHT ARM

MOST SERVICEABLE limb is right "arm." With it he does writing and planning. Fred trains under VA as farm manager

They are the second pair he has "out-grown" because of gaining weight.

He has pictures of himself trying to get about on the legs the Army gave him. But he is not proud of these pictures. They show him with every muscle in his body taut and with a look of disappointment in his eyes. Stories and pictures of men dancing and performing other normal actions with artificial legs irritate Fred. He contends that in order to walk you've got to have knees.

Fred has no knees. He has nothing left but hips and very short stubs for legs. He scoffs at the publicity which intimates that you can put artificial arms and legs on a man and make him as good as new. "In the hospital," he said, "they taught me to use a hoe. How did they expect me to get from hill to hill?"

He believes there are artificial legs which are better than those he has. But they are not available in Birmingham. He says the Veterans Administration contract in Birmingham calls for legs made of willow wood. Concerning these, Fred commented, "You might as well take two pieces of two-by-four and put a bolt through them."

In order to procure the fiber legs he believes would be better, Fred must travel to Minneapolis, where they are manufactured. This would be expensive and troublesome. The VA would pay his way. But he would have to have an attendant, whose expenses Fred would have to pay.

Fred is not alone in his gripe about artificial limbs. Unhappily a number

of writers of popular articles have led the public to believe that artificial-limb making has reached perfection, and that any amputee has merely to snap on a false limb and he's "normal" again. But many special problems of amputees are by no means solved, although few people are acutely aware of this except the amputees themselves, VA and veterans organization rehabilitation workers, and the makers of artificial limbs.

Says Glenn E. Jackson, Executive Director of the Orthopedic Appliance and Limb Manufacturers Association, "The loose publicity by special writers has created an expectancy of performance in artificial limbs far beyond what as yet can be delivered. . . ."

Every amputee poses a special problem, and men with lesser difficulties than Fred Hensel's suffer from unsolved annoyances, many of which get worse rather than better with the passage of time. Says Jackson, "The growing irritation of older amputees over what seem to them to be 'heavy and cumbersome limbs' is getting special attention." Many who have the best available limbs feel unhappy because popular and irresponsible magazine articles lead them to believe there are better ones which for some reason don't seem available to them.

There has been a great deal of recent progress in artificial-limb design and there is hope for far more—but at its best an artificial limb will always be a lifeless, nerveless appendage—never a true substitute for flesh, blood and bone. (Continued on page 43)

Veterans Newsletter

A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE LIKELY TO BE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

April, 1949

NO BONUS FOR WASHINGTON STATE VETS: The war service bonus for WW2 veterans approved by the voters of the State of Washington at the 1948 election has been held to be unconstitutional by the State Supreme Court. ...In ruling out this bonus, the court said it was invalid on three counts.... (1) The indebtedness to be incurred would be in excess of the debt limitation fixed by the State Constitution.... (2) Bonds to pay for the bonus would mature in 30 years instead of not more than 20, as provided by the Constitution.... (3) The ballot title was not sufficiently broad to make the bonds--if they had been constitutional--a general obligation of the State.... As ratified by the voters the amendment provided for \$10 per month for domestic service, \$15 per month for overseas, to residents at time of entry into service and at least one year prior thereto.... The estimated cost of the bonus was \$100,000,000.

* * * *

NEW YORK MOVES TO AMEND BONUS ACT: New York's bonus law, which started paying off in January, 1948, denied payment to some thousands of New Yorkers because a clause required post-war residence in the State. ...The State Legislature of 1948 approved an amendment repealing this section, and to make otherwise eligible vets entitled to the bonus.... This proposal has been approved by the 1949 Legislature and will be submitted to the voters for ratification or rejection at the November election.... If the voters approve, payment to the New Yorkers-in-exile can start on January 2, 1950.... The necessary Act implementing the original bonus law has already been enacted and signed by the Governor.

* * * *

PENNSYLVANIA BONUS PROPOSAL: In the Keystone State a proposed constitutional amendment providing for a \$500,000,000 bond issue to pay a bonus to WW2 leaped its second hurdle when the measure passed both Houses of the Legislature without a dissenting vote.... The question of approval is now up to the voters at the next general election.... First approved by the 1947 Legislature, the proposal calls for payments of \$10 per month for home service, \$15 for overseas, up to a maximum of \$500. ...If approved, further action must be taken by the 1951 Legislature.... It's a slow process, this amending the Constitution of the Keystone State.

* * * *

BONUS ACTION IN OTHER STATES: A proposal to pay a bonus to WW2 vets was rejected by the Legislature of Montana, reports Herbert

Kibler, Department Adjutant.... Maryland Legislature is considering a bonus bill which has a fair chance of being submitted to the voters for approval or rejection, thinks Joseph Dougherty, Department Adjutant.... New Jersey House has passed a bonus bill providing for a public referendum in November, and Senate approval, after a recess, is regarded as virtually certain. The bill provides for \$10 per month up to a maximum of \$150 for domestic service and \$250 for overseas.... The New Jersey proposal was muddled by a bill to provide for a state lottery to pay the estimated cost of \$105,000,000, which was rejected.... A double-header proposal is under consideration by the West Virginia Legislature to provide bonus payments to vets of both World Wars, to cost an estimated \$90,000,000.... Bill calls for \$10 per month home and \$15 for foreign service up to maximum of \$300 for home and \$400 for foreign or combination of home and overseas, applicable to vets of both wars.... Measure passed House, Senate has an amendment calling for a sales tax of one cent, which vet organizations oppose, reports Department Adjutant Bud Tesch.

* * * *

UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE: The Legion's 30-year-old fight against Communism was materially strengthened by Congress, when the House of Representatives by a roll call vote of 352 to 29 voted an appropriation of \$200,000 to continue the work of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.... W. C. (Tom) Sawyer, Legion's National Americanism Director, asserted that this action represents "complete realization" of a Legion mandate of the 1948 National Convention.... The Legion has supported this Committee consistently, and often single-handedly, since its creation on a temporary basis in 1938.... The landslide vote of approval was seen by Chairman John Wood, (D., Ga.) as an endorsement of his group's record and of its plans for the future.... He forecast increased activity in exposing and rooting out subversive elements.

* * * *

VET EMPLOYMENT CUT RESISTED: The Legion opposes a Budget Bureau proposal to cut Federal appropriations for the Veterans Employment Service by 42 percent as "false economy of the grossest order." Elbert H. Burns, Director of the Legion's National Economic Commission, testifying before a Congressional Subcommittee, told the Congressmen that acceptance of the Budget Bureau estimate for (Continued on next page)

the Service (\$1,350,000) would dangerously cripple the agency by requiring wholesale personnel reductions affecting one-half of its present field staff of 383.... More than 500,000 WW2 vets are now seeking employment.... Another 2,000,000 now studying or training under the GI Bill will enter the labor market this year.... The Legion's spokesman also asked rejection of the proposed cuts for the U. S. Employment Service, and Federal subsidies for State employment offices.

* * * *

PAY YOUR NSLI AT SAME OFFICE: Despite re-vamping of VA Branch Office setup, veterans should not make any change in their present method of paying NSLI premiums.... The Branch Offices of the VA are now called District Offices--(a rose by any other name)--and will continue to handle GI insurance records and vet death claims as they have in the past.... The District Offices will not have supervisory powers over the Regional Offices, which is reserved to the Central Office at Washington, but otherwise will function about as the Branch Offices did.

* * * *

"FOR THE HOME-BUYING VETERAN" What the vet should know when he buys his home is set out concisely in a 24-page booklet titled "For the Home-Buying Veteran".... The guide book is the result of a conference held at the White House last summer by representatives of governmental agency and representatives of the Legion.... It is intended to give the veteran an understanding of the powers and limitations of government in his housing problems, and to furnish basic guidance for his own efforts.... Copies are available from Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C..... Single copies, five cents, or \$3.75 per hundred.

* * * *

REDS GET LEGION HEAVE-HO: James Balanoff, Jr., 26, bounced out of South Chicago (Illinois) Post No. 493, in 1947, on the grounds that he was a Communist, has dropped his \$25,000 slander suit against Stephen Lisowski, 26, Purple Heart Legionnaire.... Balanoff admitted being a Communist before the Post membership, but claimed that he was slandered when referred to as a Moscow agent and with practicing subversion.... He paid court costs.... Sidney Reiter, 26, commissioned officer in WW2, "resigned" his membership in General Duffy Post, New York City, after a Supreme Court Justice denied his plea for an injunction to prevent the Post from acting against him because of his Communist membership.... His "resignation" came on the eve of a Post trial to "terminate this case once and for all."

* * * *

VA SAYS: Of the 2,263,654 vets on the disability compensation and pension rolls on

December 31, 1948, a total of 1,656,838 served in WW2; 457,206 were WW1 vets; 45,440 from the Regular Establishment; 103,465 were Spanish-American War vets; 667 Indian Wars survivors, and 38 Civil War veterans.... But, going back another generation, there were 31 dependents of deceased veterans of the Mexican War (1846-1848) drawing death compensation payments from VA.

* * * *

VICTORY DAY: Representative Winfield K. Denton (D., Ind.) has introduced in Congress the Legion's Bill (H.R. 1714) to set aside August 14 as an annual national holiday, Victory Day, to mark the end of WW2.... The date the Japs threw in the sponge, instead of the anniversary of the signing the terms of surrender, which would conflict with Labor Day.... The proposed national holiday is in accord with a resolution adopted at the 1946 National Convention at San Francisco.

* * * *

BIG BROTHER POSTS: 75 Legion Posts exceeded 2,000 members each in 1948.... Omaha (Nebraska) Post No. 1 led the parade, as it has for several years, with 16,072.... Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post No. 1, Denver, Colorado, was runner-up with a total of 10,442.... Memphis (Tennessee) Post No. 1 was in third position with 8,279.... One Post was in the 6,000 class; 7 in the 5,000 bracket; 3 were over 4,000; 16 passed the 3,000 mark, and 45 ranged from 2,015 to 2,901.... These 75 Posts had a total membership of 258,830 on December 31, 1948.

* * * *

"I AM AN AMERICAN DAY": President Truman has proclaimed Sunday, May 15, as "I Am An American Day".... This National Citizenship day was established by Congress in 1940 for the recognition, observance and commemoration of American Citizenship.... A new "I AM AN AMERICAN DAY" leaflet will be distributed by the Legion's National Americanism Division through the several Department Headquarters.

* * * *

LEGION POST OWNS GOLD MINE: Heywood Field Post No. 239, Dahlonega, Georgia, is one Legion unit that has a gold mine of its own--the kind that produces the sort of metal that Uncle Sam used to use for money.... The tract is known as the Consolidated Mines and its late owner is said to have extracted much gold from his diggings.... The Legion will dedicate the acreage as a memorial to Lumpkin County men who died in WW2 and have projected a long range plan for the development of a community recreation center.... Plans include erection of a modern club house, baseball field for night games, picnic area, and a community swimming pool.... After possession was granted by the Selective Service Board, no time was lost in preparing for buildings and playgrounds.

The National Legionnaire



In conformance with a resolution adopted by the National Executive Committee at its November, 1948, meeting, The National Legionnaire is consolidated with The American Legion Magazine. The National Legionnaire section will be a regular feature of the Magazine each month, and will contain the same class of material relating to Legion programs and activities as used in that publication in past years.

National Commander Assails Cut In VA Budget and Hospital Beds

Tells Rehab. Conference That Fight Is Shaping Up for Assault on Vet Benefits

By Robert B. Pitkin

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A threat to the service which the VA can render veterans, in the form of a double-barreled economy assault on the VA program, was the main concern of over 600 Legion delegates to the 26th Annual National Rehabilitation Conference of the American Legion held at the Hotel Statler in Washington, D. C., March 2, 3 and 4. The damaging economies, seen as fore-runners of even further hamstringing of veterans' benefits, are (1) a forthcoming layoff of 11,000 to 13,000 VA employees under 1949-50 budget proposals, and (2) the recent slashing by Presidential order of 16,000 beds from the veterans' hospital building program.

The Legion delegates at the conference sought to fix responsibility for the two reductions and were assured by Administrator of Veterans Affairs Carl R. Gray that the hospital cut was ordered without his recommendation by President Truman. VA officials placed responsibility for the reduced operating budget for VA in 1949-50 in the lap of the Bureau of the Budget.

Vets Needs Overlooked

The delegates, who engaged in a spirited three-day exchange of ideas and information with representatives of VA's central office, concluded on the floor of the conference that President Truman's authorization of the budget and hospital-bed cuts could only indicate that Legionnaire Truman is not properly advised of the nationwide medical needs of disabled veterans, particularly the needs of tubercular and neuropsychiatric veterans, for whom available care has never approached adequacy since the close of War Two.

Partially successful attempts to spike proper medical care of veterans were laid directly at the door of many special interests in the nation, including conservative elements in the American Medical Association, by Robert R. McCurdy, of Pasadena, California, Vice Chairman, National Rehabilitation Commission, on the opening day of the conference. He accused opponents of veterans' rehabilitation programs of misusing and

misinterpreting the figures on treatment of non-service-connected disabilities by the VA, and said those opponents of the VA program have been successful in distorting the picture of veterans' medical care and needs in official circles and in the public mind.

At the Conference dinner on March 3, National Commander Perry Brown outlined what he termed the end of the honeymoon for veterans of War Two and foresaw a growing battle shaping up for the Legion in order to protect veterans from economy assaults. Commander Brown named the American Medical Association, the American Hospital Association and the National Association of Manufacturers as interests seeking economies which hurt veterans.

Conference delegates urged their resolutions committee to recommend that the Legion press the facts of veterans' medical needs on the President and members of Congress.

RENO POST TIES DENVER FOR CONGRESS HONORS

Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post No. 1, Denver, Colorado, through Publicist Ray Olson, announced its pride (*National Legionnaire*, March, p 29) in having as Post members Senator Eugene D. Millikin and Representative John A. Carroll, both members of the 81st Congress. Darrell Dunkle Post No. 1, Reno, Nevada, is quick to challenge the unique position of the Denver outfit. Writes Post Adjutant John M. Lind-say:

"We cannot beat the Denver record, but we can tie it. Darrell Dunkle Post has Senator George W. (Molly) Malone, WW1 vet, with a string of earned Legion titles sitting in the 81st Congress. He's Past Post Commander, Past Department Commander, Past National Vice Commander, and made a strong race for National Commander. Incidentally, he is one of the Senators now sponsoring The American Legion's National Security Training Bill, (S. 66).

"Darrell Dunkle Post also has Nevada's lone Representative in the Lower House, Walter S. Baring, WW2, who is a new Legionnaire. His chief claim to fame, so far, is that one and a half months after becoming a member of Congress he became the proud father of a 10½ pound S.A.L."

Conference delegates included American Legion and State Service Officers, American Legion National Rehabilitation employees, National Field Representatives, Child Welfare workers, American Legion Auxiliary members, and various other Department and National commissioners, committeemen and officers, under the chairmanship of John H. Walsh, of Waltham, Massachusetts, Chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Commission.

Other matters up for discussion at the Conference with VA central office experts included matters of VA policy which the delegates felt work to the detriment of service to veterans, and matters in which satisfactory VA policy is not being carried out in the field.

Legion service workers felt that the VA could improve its methods of determining emergency status for admission of non-service-connected cases to VA hospitals.

Weaknesses in VA Policy

The VA policy of using hospital reports of specific treatments of veterans as a basis of readjusting compensation claims, without complete examination for claims purposes, was criticized by the delegates.

A tendency of VA rating boards to ignore lay evidence, such as affidavits of buddies and other witnesses attesting to service-connection of disabilities, was reported from all sections of the country. Willis Howard, Assistant VA Administrator for Claims, promised to remind rating boards of their duty to give proper weight to lay evidence in determining service-connection. The VA reported great improvement over a year ago in its ability to obtain medical and nursing personnel, except in the urgent fields of psychiatry and tuberculosis, where the personnel and bed-space situation is still without proper solution.

There was criticism from the floor of the Conference of the method of rating, for pay purposes, nurses long in service in VA hospitals, and further criticism of slow treatment of claims of VA employees for legitimate veterans' benefits for themselves.

The delegates recommended that for compensation purposes VA rating boards consider the readjustment problems of neuropsychiatric veterans discharged as medically cured. They said, that the problem of such veterans in achieving acceptance in their communities would indicate the need to liberalize the present prompt cutting off of compensation wholly on the basis of medical evidence, that such veterans may remain socially and economically disabled long after they are medically sound, and that without continued help they become medical patients again.

Legion Pension Bill Subject Of Widespread Smear Campaign

Cost of Measure Greatly Exaggerated by Opponents—Bill is Given New Number

By John Thomas Taylor
National Legislative Director

The American Legion has had its first national legislative success with the favorable report on the American Legion Pension Bill, H. R. 1693, revised and re-written in executive session by the House Committee on Veterans' Affairs, and reported to the House as H. R. 2681.

On January 3, 1949, the 81st Congress convened. On January 5, the President delivered his State of the Union message to the Congress. On January 10, the President's budget message (House Document 17) was delivered to the Congress. On January 18, Senator Ernest W. McFarland (Arizona), for himself and Senator Edwin C. Johnson (Colorado), introduced S. 596, the American Legion Pension Bill. On January 20, the day of the Presidential Inauguration, Representative John E. Rankin (Mississippi) introduced H. R. 1693, which was identical to S. 596, and the bill was referred to the House Veterans' Affairs Committee. On January 27, the Committee on Veterans' Affairs began its hearings on H. R. 1693 and heard the Director of National Legislative Commission and other Legion representatives.

Gray Testifies Against Bill

On February 1, Carl R. Gray, Jr., the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, testified against the bill citing astronomical cost figures and stated. "The Bureau of the Budget has advised that in view of the factual data contained in this report and in light of the President's policy as expressed in his recent budget message, enactment of H. R. 1693 would not be considered in accord with the program of the President." From February 2 to 9, the hearings continued, for the purpose of hearing testimony by various other veterans' organizations. On February 15, the Veterans' Affairs Committee, in executive session, ordered H. R. 1693 favorably reported to the House, re-written, with instructions to the Chairman to request speedy consideration and passage by the House. *The bill received the new number, H. R. 2681.*

H. R. 2681 provides general pensions for veterans of World War I and World War II upon reaching the age of 65 years, at the rate of \$90 per month, providing such veteran has served in the active military or naval services for a period of 90 days or more during either World War I or World War II and who was discharged under condi-

tions other than dishonorable. If the veteran was discharged for disability incurred in the service in line of duty or is receiving or is entitled to receive compensation or retirement pay for service-connected disability, he will be entitled to this pension for service of less than 90 days. If the veteran requires an attendant, he will be entitled to \$120 per month. The pension is payable regardless of physical condition of the veteran, and there is no income limitation.

Income Limitation Raised

The bill also provides that widows of World War I and World War II shall be placed upon the same basis, and the income limitation for widows and children without dependents is raised from \$1,000 to \$2,000; and with dependents from \$2,500 to \$3,000.

This bill does not contain all that the Legion asked in H. R. 1693, but it is a definite and decided victory for The American Legion, particularly in view of the tremendous amount of opposition and inaccurate propaganda developed in the newspapers throughout the country in order to prevent its favorable consideration.

The only testimony presented against our bill was by one so-called veterans' organization which continually opposes Legion legislation; also, one of the larger veterans' organization's representatives, while testifying, supported the principles of the Legion bill, later submitted what is termed a "compromise bill," as the organization has done repeatedly in the past for the sole pur-

LEGION BUDGET SUMMARY AVAILABLE ON REQUEST

The detailed summary of the annual budget of the National Organization, showing expenditures by divisions and classifications, will be issued this year in mimeographed form and is available to any interested Legionnaire who will send a request to the Finance Division, National Headquarters, Indianapolis 6, Indiana. This break-down of the Legion's finances is required to be published before April of each year, but following the precedent set last year and under special authority, it is again issued in separate form for 1948.

This financial statement is a lengthy affair and, if printed in this Magazine, would occupy more space than the entire *National Legionnaire* insert. A sufficient number of copies of the mimeographed report containing the budget figures will be made to supply all who send in their requests.

pose of opposing the Legion. They have already issued their own publicity deciding the bill as favorably reported.

The American Legion is confronted with its biggest fight since it was organized in carrying to a successful conclusion Legion recommendations for a service pension for World War I and World War II veterans. Over the years every legislative mandate of the Legion advocating benefits for veterans has met with considerable opposition and the present efforts by those opposed to the Legion pension plan have already gained stupendous proportions.

Opponents of our pension bill, H. R. 2681, are not only putting forth much effort in Washington and throughout the country to sabotage the bill, but have resorted to the greatest smear campaign of all time. Many newspapers, in their news columns and editorially, as well as in signed columns, have unfairly attacked the Legion bill, minimized its benefits and greatly exaggerated the estimated cost of our pension plan. *The actual cost of the plan is approximately \$65,000,000 for the first year.* Opponents do not mention this figure, but, instead, refer to the bill as "the multi-billion dollar pension bill," with grossly exaggerated figures as to approximate cost 40 to 50 years from now.

Tactics of the opposition follow the identical pattern of opposition to veterans' benefits in the past. Many of these same publications and other elements opposed the Legion's bill for Terminal Leave for enlisted men. They opposed Adjusted Compensation for World War I veterans. They opposed, openly and otherwise, each and every one of the many veterans' benefit laws which The American Legion has caused to be placed on the statute books.

Since its beginning, this grateful nation has provided pensions for the veterans of all of its wars. At the present time billions of dollars are being spent to aid and relieve citizens of many foreign countries throughout the world. The estimated cost of the pension plan would be but a small fraction of these foreign expenditures. The Legion and Auxiliary have always fought for the welfare of all veterans, regardless of any opposition, and will continue to do so in the future. We are exerting every effort to secure favorable action on this big step in the direction of service pensions for veterans of World War I and World War II.

Employment

With the increase in the number of veterans in Federal employment, which now number 885,000, or 46 per cent of the total, it is of even greater importance that the Legion's program for the protection of veterans in the Federal service, as promulgated in the Veterans' Preference Act of 1944 and subsequent amendments, be not disturbed. Those who opposed veterans' preference during consideration of the measure by Congress have continued their opposition since its enactment into law. Many administrators in the Government serv-

ice have violated the Preference Law and resorted to every possible means to bi-pass its provisions. These violations have prompted the Legion to secure several amendments greatly strengthening veterans' preference. During every session of Congress a large number of bills are introduced in the House and Senate to set up new Government commissions or agencies outside of Civil Service, and other bills would remove from Civil Service jurisdiction certain present Government units. The National Legislative Commission has consistently opposed the placing of any new agency outside of Civil Service or removing present agencies from Civil Service on the basis that any action of this kind would merely be an opening wedge, pointing to the breakdown of preference in Federal employment which has been granted to veterans by Congress. Already a number of these bills have been introduced in the 81st Congress.

In legislative recommendations contained in the 65th Annual Report of the United States Civil Service Commission, the Commission recommends that persons granted veterans' preference should be required to obtain a passing grade before preference points are added to their ratings, and a 10-point preference granted to veterans on the basis of their disabilities should be granted only to those whose disabilities are compensable under laws administered by the Veterans Administration. These two provisions were included in a bill introduced in the last Congress. The National Legislative Commission vigorously opposed the bill at that time, and it did not receive favorable action by the Congress. The Legislative Commission will continue its opposition, not only to these proposed changes in the Veterans' Preference Act, but any other attempts to deprive the veteran of Federal employment privileges heretofore granted by Congress.

During hearings by the Labor-Federal Security Administration Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, The American Legion protested against reductions made by the Budget Bureau in requested appropriations for the Veterans' Employment Service for the fiscal year 1950. The Budget Bureau reduced appropriations for the Veterans Employment Service by 42 per cent, which would greatly curtail activities of the Service by eliminating many employees from the staff.

Housing

The Senate Banking and Currency Committee reported a compromise non-partisan bill, S. 1070, to establish a national housing objective and the policy to be followed in the attainment thereof, to provide Federal aid to assist slum-clearance projects and low-rent public housing projects initiated by local agencies, to provide for financial assistance by the Secretary of Agriculture for farm housing, and for other purposes. S. 1070, which is in lieu of the Administration's Housing Bill, S. 138, calls for: (a) construction of 810,000

public housing units within 6 years, to be built at the rate of 135,000 a year, with the President having authority to increase production to 250,000 annually or cut it to 50,000; (b) a 1½-billion-dollar slum-clearance program to help cities and States clean up blighted areas and resettle slum dwellers; (c) a \$262,500,000 4-year rural housing program to be handled by the Agriculture Department; and (d) a broad Government program of research in the housing field to lower the cost of building. The measure was designed to care for low income families earning up to \$2,000 a year.

CALENDAR OF IMPORTANT LEGION EVENTS IN APRIL

- 6 Army Day.
- 8-10 Florida Department Convention, Sarasota.
- 11-13 Regional Economic Conference, Washington, D. C., for Delaware, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina.
- 30-May 1 Meeting of the National Committees which are called, at Indianapolis, to report to meeting of National Executive Committee, May 4-6.

During hearings by the Subcommittee on this proposed legislation, the Director of our National Economic Commission presented the Legion Resolution 771 (Miami, 1948), expressing approval of the genuine over-all housing program and citing the following five provisions necessary in such a program:

- (1) Federal aid to States and municipalities for low-rent public housing for families of low income for whom private enterprise cannot provide.
- (2) An adequate farm and rural non-farm program with Federal aid for families of low income.
- (3) Adequate Federal aid to non-profit veterans' cooperatives for large scale developments including 100 per cent Government-guaranteed financing or, where not available, provision for direct Government loans.
- (4) Federal aid to States and municipalities for slum clearance and urban redevelopment.
- (5) A more adequate research title than presently provided in the Housing Act of 1948.

Testimony on behalf of the Legion was also presented to the Senate Committee by the Director of the National Legislative Commission and National Vice-Commander Walter E. Alessandrini, former Chairman of our National Housing Committee, in support of the American Legion Bill, S. 686, designed to provide a secondary market for G. I. loans. The Senate Committee also held

hearings on Legion bill S. 351, to authorize the Public Housing Commission to sell the resettlement projects known as Greenbelt, Maryland; Greendale, Wisconsin; and Greenhills, Ohio, without regard to provision of law requiring competitive bidding or public advertising. Arthur L. Marcus former member of the National Housing Committee's Executive Committee, testified on behalf of The American Legion, in accordance with Resolution 777, adopted by the Miami National Convention last fall.

Insurance

The Senate passed the American Legion-supported bill, S. 461, clarifying provisions of Section 602 (u) of the National Service Life Insurance Act. The bill provides that in any case in which the beneficiary is entitled to a lump-sum settlement, but elects some other mode of settlement and dies before receiving all the benefits due and payable under such mode of settlement, the present value of the remaining unpaid amount shall be payable to the estate of the beneficiary; and in any case in which no beneficiary is designated by the insured or the designated beneficiary does not survive the insured, or a designated beneficiary not entitled to a lump-sum settlement survives the insured, and dies before receiving all benefits due and payable, the commuted value of the remaining unpaid insurance whether accrued or not, shall be paid in one sum to the estate of the insured.

Prisoners of War

The 80th Congress enacted the American Legion-supported measure (Public Law 896), known as the War Claims Act of 1948, to amend the Trading With the Enemy Act, to create a commission to make an inquiry and report with respect to war claims and to provide for relief for internees in certain cases. This law authorized the establishment of a War Claims Commission, but no appropriation has as yet been made to cover expenses of such Commission. The law also provided for the payment of \$1.00 for each day a member of the military or naval forces was held as a prisoner of war on which the enemy government and its agents failed to furnish proper food. This money would be paid out of a trust fund of money belonging to these enemy countries, which would be created on the books of the Treasury Department and known as the War Claims Fund. The Commission is authorized to make a study of any other claims and make recommendations.

The Budget Bureau requested an appropriation of \$100,000 in the Deficiency Appropriation Bill to cover the expenses of establishing the Commission until June 30 this year, when the Commission would receive a regular appropriation for the next fiscal year. The House failed to include this \$100,000 item in the Deficiency Bill as passed by that body. The American Legion presented strong arguments to the Senate Appropriations Committee in support of the inclusion of the \$100,000 provision.

LEGION REPRESENTATIVES MEET HOUSE VET. COMMITTEE FOR PENSION HEARING



The House Committee of Veterans Affairs was called into session on January 29th for the express purpose of inaugurating hearings on The American Legion's Pension Bill (H.R. 1693), and to meet the members of the Legion's National Legislative and National Rehabilitation Commissions. Members of both Commissions and other Legionnaires in attendance offered their testimony in support of the measure in the interest of the veterans of both World Wars. In the picture above, taken at the close of the hearing, is shown the House Committee and Legion representatives.

Front, seated at table, is the Committee's staff. Left to right, they are: Edward C. Wrede, Edwin B. Patterson, Ida Rowen, Karl Standish, and Casey Jones.

Second row, seated, members of the Committee on Veterans Affairs, left to right, Representatives Glenn R. Davis, Wisconsin; James T. Patterson, Connecticut; Dayton E. Phillips, Tennessee; Edith Nourse Rogers, Massachusetts; Carl Elliott, Alabama; Peter W. Rodino, Jr., New Jersey; Peter F. Mack, Jr., Illinois; W. M. (Don) Wheeler, Georgia; Olin E. Teague, Texas; A. Leonard Allen, Louisiana; Chairman John E. Rankin, Mississippi; Walter B. Huber, Ohio; Joe L. Evins, Tennessee; Clarence G. Burton, Virginia; Clare Magee, Missouri; Harley O. Staggers, West Virginia; James E. Noland, Indiana; Harold A. Patten, Arizona; Bernard W. (Pat) Kearney, New York; Herbert A. Meyer, Kansas; and Hubert B. Scudder, California.

Back row, American Legion representatives, left to right: (L.C. indicates member of the National Legislative Committee), Dr. Leonard W. Esper, Illinois, member National Executive Committee and Chairman of special subcommittee appointed by the National Commander to reconcile pension resolutions adopted by the Miami National Convention; Dr. H. D. Shapiro, Senior Medical Consultant; Edward A. Linsky, Pennsylvania, Department Adjutant; Lawrence Trainor, Pennsylvania, Department Commander; Frederick L. Mellin, (L.C.) Massachusetts; Robert J. Webb, (L.C.) Nebraska; William C. Brooker, (L.C.) Florida; William G. McRae, (L.C.) Georgia; Hugh Askew, (L.C.) Oklahoma; Vincent A. Maher, (L.C.) New Jersey; Thomas W. Miller, Nevada, National Executive Committeeman and Liaison with Legislative Commission; John H. Walsh, Massachusetts, Chairman, National Rehabilitation Commission; Harry V. Hayden, National Legislative Representative; John Thomas Taylor, National Legislative Director; Lynn G. Peterson, California, Vice Chairman, Legislative Commission; Miles D. Kennedy, Vice Chairman, Legislative Commission; Douglas A. Graham, (L.C.) Michigan; John Gleason, (L.C.) Illinois; Representative Richard W. Hoffman, Illinois, member Veterans Affairs Committee; George E. Flood, (L.C.) Washington; Raymond F. Gates, (L.C.) Connecticut; Harry W. Woods, (L.C.) Kansas; Robert R. Poston, Assistant National Adjutant; Charles W. Stevens, Assistant Rehabilitation Director, and T. O. Kraabel, National Rehabilitation Director.

THREE MORE DEPARTMENTS OVER TOP IN MEMBERSHIP

The Legion Departments of Nebraska, Philippine Islands and Indiana, in the order named, have reached the assigned national membership quota and are reaching out for new records. Nebraska led the procession this month with a total of 50,303 members reported to National Headquarters, which is just 109.39 percent of quota.

It was tight-up between the Cornhuskers and the Hoosiers, but the solid Department of Indiana came through with its quota of 105,097 and some for good measure.

Because of the Jap occupation and the inability of the Legion to function in the Philippine Islands during the war years, the Department has a low quota of 318, which it met easily. The

membership in 1948 was 1,091 which Department Commander Frank S. Tenny expects to beat in 1949. He reports the potential membership at about 14,000.

96 MEMBERS HAVE RECORD OF 2,750 LEGION YEARS

La Grange (Illinois) Post No. 41, on the evening of March 7th, paid public tribute to 96 of its veteran members who, collectively, show 2,750 years of unbroken membership in that unit of the Legion. Seventy received special honors for 30 years of membership, and 26 other for 25 or more years. With few exceptions these Legionnaires have resided in La Grange ever since their discharge from military service in 1918 and 1919.

The ceremony was staged in the

Post's home with practically every civic and business group in the city participating. La Grange Post is noted as a community leader and its members have sparked nearly every civic and community better project for more than 30 years. Its membership, now 534, is restricted to WW1 veterans, but very early in WW2 it set up a fund to sponsor a Post for WW2 members — this is now the strong Robert Coulter Post.

The senior La Grange Post has a lot of firsts to its credit; it has won the Gilbert Award twice for outstanding service in a national emergency; instituted the La Grange Community Fund; founded and still sponsors the La Grange Sunday Evening Club which for 25 years has brought to the community the leading figures in cultural, military and political affairs; and has led in all community betterment programs.

★ ★ ★ LEGIONITEMS ★ ★ ★

Commander William M. Ryerson of Pearce-Keller Post No. 17, Manhattan, Kansas, shed his sergeant's stripes to pin on warrant officer bars the first of the year. On active duty at Fort Riley, he was one of 5,153 non-commissioned officers to receive permanent warrant officer appointments. . . . Glenn Oaks Post No. 1742, youngest Legion unit in Queens County, New York, had a Boy Scout Troop in the making while the Post was being organized. Charter for Post and Troop came through at about the same time. . . . Atomic City Post No. 199, Oak Ridge, Tennessee, selects a "Legionnaire of the Month" on the basis of outstanding Legion work. "Legionnaire of the Year" is selected at the end of the year. Some of the "Monthers" are James McPherson, for organizing Post band; Will J. Webb, excellence as Service Officer; Charles Ryan, leadership in Fire Prevention Parade, which helped the home city to a national award; T. N. Redwood, Post Adjutant, always a willing workhorse.

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Air Service Post No. 501, New York City, awarded its Frank Hawks Memorial award to General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Chief of Air Staff. Presentation was made at a dinner meeting by Vice Admiral Charles E. Rosendahl, winner of the award some years ago. . . . The report of Reinhardt N. Ausmus, Service Officer of Commodore Denig Post No. 83, Sandusky, Ohio, makes interesting reading. Total number of contacts and interviews during year, 10,497; total cash recovered for veterans, dependents and beneficiaries, excess of \$200,000—but to do this the Service Officer put in 4,524 hours, received 2,694 pieces of mail, and sent out 4,158 pieces. . . . An all-star lineup of sport figures, headed by "Coach of the Year" Bennie Oosterbaan, of Michigan, were guests at a party thrown by Thomas A. Edison Post No. 187, Detroit, Michigan, to honor the All-City high school football team of 1948, as selected by the city's newspapers. The "Sport Night" party will be continued as an annual event.

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D'Auria-Murphy Post No. 143, Bronx, New York, has acquired a home of its own; remodeled and decorated to meet the needs and taste of the members. Work of remodeling and repairing was done by the members. . . . Luke-Greenway Post No. 1, Phoenix, Arizona, hit the 3,000 membership mark on February 1. Forty-eight members received their "49-er Club" cards, and with each card Post Commander Douglas Clark presented a medal for meritorious service to the Legion. The goal is 6,000 for 1949. . . . On February 5th, for the second time within a year, Square Post No. 232, Chicago, Illinois, completed the burial

ritual and ceremonies for two of its own members and one returned WW2 soldier. The Post membership is made up of Chicago Masons.

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Long Beach (California) Navy Post No. 528 has set up a program of showing movies to the children confined in polio wards of hospitals in the Los Angeles area. Started as an experiment in August, 1948, by Shipmates Edward Galvin and Frank Brady, the first showings were so successful that invitations came from officials, not the patients. Now there is a film library, handled by the police department, available to anyone who wants to get into this fine work. . . . Six-star Legionnaire Louis B. Stiles, who has spent the past twenty years as Post and County Service Officer, was awarded a life membership by Tioga Post No. 401, Owego, New York. Department Commander Corydon D. Kingsbury made the presentation. . . . A memorial to the Greendale, Massachusetts, veterans of all wars—designed by Carl Milles, internationally known sculptor, has been dedicated by Greendale Post No. 319. It was erected at a cost of \$25,000.

YOUNG WW2 LEGIONNAIRE MAKES RECORD IN ALABAMA

At 19, John E. Drinkard was Commander of Falkville (Alabama) Post No. 121. Now at 21 he is again serving as Commander, and in the past 18 months has increased the membership 421 percent. In addition, he is Vice Commander of the 2nd Alabama Legion District, with 24 Posts under his jurisdiction; is District Membership Chairman and also serves on the Department Executive Committee.

In the absence of birth records to establish definitely the younger Commander, this record would seem to beat that of Past Commander Floyd F. Ackerman, Wyckoff (New Jersey) Post No. 83, who is now serving as Vice Commander of Bergen County, (Legion Newsletter, January, 1949, page 10).

Adkins District Post No. 38, Gary, West Virginia, has turned over to Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, \$8,000 of a \$10,000 memorial scholarship in honor of Lt. James Robert Howard, of Gary, killed in action in WW2. The balance, says Post Adjutant Allen G. Thompson, Jr., will be paid before the end of the year. Sons of Adkins Post members who meet academic requirements will be given preference in the annual award of the Howard scholarship. . . . The 17-year-old South Denver, Colorado, high school student, Earl Reum, who monopolized pages 72 and 73 of the December 20,

1948, issue of *Life*, is also the winner of the Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post No. 1, Denver, Americanism award for having accomplished most in his school in promoting democracy. The Post conducted a series of forums and debates on democratic processes in all Denver public and parochial schools. Student winners, one from each high school, received prizes of a purse of silver dollars.

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Among the charitable bequests made by Mrs. Pearl Malott, St. Petersburg, Florida, and Marion, Indiana, who died on November 28, 1948, was \$10,000 for the American Legion Crippled Children's Hospital at St. Petersburg. . . . Breaking precedent, Virginia's Department Commander, J. Westwood Smithers, has named Negro veterans to serve on Department Standing Committees. Negro Legionnaires comprised about 10 percent of the 41,393 membership in 1948. . . . The 200th all-women's Legion unit, Genevieve L. Fisher Post, was organized at Chicago, Illinois in February. The Post is named in honor of a WAC Corporal who died in service at Camp Lee, Virginia. . . . What Legionnaire lost a diamond-studded lapel button with 40 'n 8 tab in Korea at the close of the war? M/Sgt. Irving H. Dicken, 5109 Elm Street, Fort Smith, Arkansas, will be glad to return the button to its owner, but asks that it be correctly described in its proper level of Post, Department or National past officer.

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The largest single contribution made to the Meyersdale, Pennsylvania, Community Hospital, a 50-bed institution now being completed, was \$6,000 given by Charles E. Kelly Post No. 112, and another \$2,500 pledged. In addition to its own contribution, the Post has secured funds from other sources. Leadership in community affairs, hospital work among them, earned the Post a two-column commendatory editorial in the *Meyersdale Republican*. . . . Minneapolis (Minnesota) Postoffice Post No. 540 has placed a bronze memorial plaque in the lobby of the city postoffice honoring the postal employees who died in WW2. . . . Rev. A. L. Rustad, Legion's Past National Chaplain, was married to Mrs. Elsie M. Lehman, February 14th, at Faribault, Minnesota.

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St. Mihiel Post No. 103, Superior, Nebraska, has donated \$3,000 for the construction of a new bath house at the municipal swimming pool. Last year, recalls the local newspaper, St. Mihiel Post gave \$2,500 for a new baseball stadium and \$1,500 to the high school band uniform fund, and has a project of erecting a memorial in Evergreen cemetery in honor of the dead of both World Wars. . . . The Legion of Delaware was the first to make a contribution to the Delaware Heart Association's drive for \$25,000. Department Commander Charles A. Burrous, Jr., handed over a check representing contributions by all of Delaware's Posts. . . . Joe Graham Post No. 119, Gulfport, Mississippi, will sponsor the first annual Mississippi Deep Sea Fishing Rodeo, July 1 through July 7.

New Patman Housing Bill To Aid Cooperatives Gets Legion Okay

Measure Provides for Financing, Insurance of Three Types of Family Housing

A new cooperative housing bill designed to serve middle and low income families and providing special consideration for World War II veterans has the backing of the American Legion in the 81st Congress.

The measure, H. R. 2811, introduced in the House of Representatives on February 17 by Rep. Wright Patman (D., Tex.), would facilitate the establishment and financing of housing cooperatives and authorize direct Government loans at 4 percent interest if financing could not be obtained from private sources. The entire program would be managed by a new Federal agency known as the Cooperative Housing Administration, operating under The Housing and Home Finance Agency.

John Thomas Taylor, Legislative Director of the Legion, described the bill as "the first sound answer to the housing problem of the average family." Taylor said the Legislation would carry into effect one of the major housing mandates adopted by the American Legion at its 1948 National Convention at Miami, Florida.

The Patman bill would give additional Federal assistance to three types of cooperatives: (1) The cooperative that builds houses to sell; (2) The mutual-home-ownership type, in which families occupy multiple-type units with each family sharing ownership of the entire project; (3) Rental cooperatives which build single or multiple-family units to rent to members of the group and non-members who are veterans.

Under the bill, an authorized cooperative could obtain a development loan amounting to not more than 5 percent of the estimated total cost of the project. This money would be used for preliminary planning and organization required before the cooperative qualifies for a construction loan.

The Federal Housing Administration would be directed, under the measure, to insure loans made to cooperatives up to 90 percent of their value. The bill provides for a sliding scale of insurance, with the 90 percent maximum for house or units costing \$8,000 or less; 75 percent for those costing between \$8,000 and \$10,000 and 50 percent for those costing between \$10,000 and \$12,500.

Loans to veterans belonging to the cooperative would carry an additional 10 percent of insurance. This means that veterans buying homes in the \$8,000-and-under class would have the advantage of 100-percent insurance. The measure also provides a waiver of indebtedness in the case of veterans who

contract for dwellings as members of a cooperative and find it necessary to leave the community before completing purchase.

A provision for technical advice to co-op members is included in the Legion-supported bill. It further provides that a membership fee of \$100 would be charged all members, the dues would be credited as part of the down-payment on a family unit.

38th INFANTRY REGIMENT IS "ROCK OF THE MARNE"

Veterans of the 38th Infantry Regiment of both World Wars were quick to defend the proud record of their fine old outfit when a typographical error in our March number (Veterans Newsletter, page 38) made us refer to the 30th instead of the 38th as "The Rock of the Marne." We are glad to make the correction, and repeat that after 30 years the motto "Rock of the Marne" has been officially added to the 38th's distinctive insignia.

The 30th, too, has a proud record—it was the partner of the 38th in the 3rd Division, 6th Brigade, WWI. In WW2 the 38th did its stuff with the 2nd Division, while the 30th remained a unit of the 3rd Division.

The 38th Infantry Regimental Association has announced that it will hold its annual reunion in New York City, May 28-30.

Commander Calls For High '49 Membership

**Get the Job Done by April 15—
Strength Is Needed to Hold
Rights of Veterans**

By C. M. Wilson, Supervisor,
Membership and Post Activities

Perry Brown, National Commander of the American Legion, has set his 1949 membership sights on an advance of 250,000 over the 1948 total. This means the organization must reach a 1949 total of 3,337,044. That figure will beat the all-time high of 1946 by 10,488.

That's not such a big order when broken down to Departments, to Posts and to individual Legionnaires. For example, if every Post will immediately stage a drive to bring in all renewals and a maximum number of new members and if every member will seek out the veterans in his neighborhood and "sign them on the dotted line," the job can be completed by April 15.

It must be "full steam ahead" on membership on the part of every Legionnaire right now to beat the all-time high. Keep in mind this important fact—"There are still millions of veterans in America waiting to be asked to join the American Legion."

There is a very definite reason for this immediate membership push for added man power in 1949. The American Legion is faced with a fight—a fight to retain the benefits and rights now accruing to veterans. There are strong indications of an attempt to repeat the Economy Act of 1933. Some steps in that direction have already been taken. There is only one way to defeat such proposals—there is only one way the Legion can successfully fight Legislation designed to curtail veteran benefits, and that's by strength in numbers in the local Posts throughout the nation.

We can't afford to lay down now in the job of securing members.

NEW YORK PAYS HONOR TO ADJUTANT MAURY STEMBER

Some 1,200 Legionnaires met at the Hotel Astor, New York City, on the evening of February 22 to pay honor to Maurice Stember, veteran Department Adjutant of New York's Legion, who has completed 21 years of service in that office. Past National Commander Edward N. Scheiberling, Albany, N. Y., presided as toastmaster.

Among the distinguished Legionnaires present, gathered from many Departments, were National Commander Perry Brown; Past National Commanders Harry Colmery, Topeka, Kansas; Milo Warner, Toledo, Ohio and James F. O'Neil, Manchester, New Hampshire. Department Commander Corydon D. Kingsbury headed the Empire State's representation which included nearly all of the living Past Department Commanders, and Legionnaires highly placed in State and National affairs.

It was pointed out that since August 6, 1927, when Maury Stember was elected Department Adjutant, the Department has grown from a membership of 63,262 to its present 265,000, and its advance in solid accomplishment and in public esteem has been on a parity.

16,000 JUNIOR BASEBALL TEAMS FORECAST FOR 1949

A record total of 16,000 teams are expected to participate in the 1949 American Legion Junior Baseball program this year. In connection with the celebration of the 22nd consecutive season of the activity, twelve four-minute transcriptions made by outstanding major league players who got their start in Legion Junior Baseball and top flight sports announcers will be recorded and distributed to approximately 1,000 radio stations across the nation. In addition six monthly issues of the Ford Junior Baseball edition of the *Sporting News* will be distributed nationally, with 250,000 copies to be circulated from each issue.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Service Co., 346 Inf. Regt., 87th Inf. Div.—Reunion at Baltimore, Md., April 22 and 23. Contact Bernard McKenzie, Asst. Principal, High School, Logansport, Indiana.

38th Cavalry Recon. Squadron (MD)—Members interested in joining in first reunion in New York in April contact David A. Levine, 311 Avenue N., Brooklyn 30, N. Y.

15th Engineers, WWs I and 2—Reunion at Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., April 30, 1949. Write R. L. Knight, 224 N. Aiken Ave., Pittsburgh 6, Pa.

8th Special Bn., Seabees—Members interested in a reunion at Philadelphia during Legion National Convention, August, 1949, write H. L. Kintzer, RD 2, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

395th Inf. Regt., 99th (Checkerboard) Division—Second reunion will be held at Hotel Gibson, Cincinnati, Ohio, July 29-31. Contact Harry M. Oney, Chairman, P. O. Box 37, Station O, Cincinnati 8, Ohio.

Utilities Detachment, Camp Dodge, 1918-1949 spring frolic at Minneapolis, Minn., April 23. Contact Ray Luther, Commander, 5317 Park Ave., Minneapolis 17, Minn.

U.S. Naval Frontier Base, Storekeepers, Tompkinsville, S. I., N. Y.—Fourth annual reunion, Saturday, April 23, at Volpas Inn, Tompkinsville. Contact W. E. Dorsey, Secretary, 14-A First Walk, Jamaica Bay Housing, Brooklyn, N. Y., or V. F. Raphael, 456E, 134th St., Brooklyn 54, N. Y.

38th Infantry Regimental Association (both WWs)—Annual reunion New York City on May 28-30, 1949. For information write A. Zindel, Secretary, 558 West 193rd St., New York 33, N. Y.

72nd CAC (WW1)—Reunion on Saturday, April 2, 1949, at Wonder Spa Restaurant, 226 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Write Joseph C. Horsch, 1217 W. 95th Place, Chicago 43, Ill.

2nd Division (Indian Head) Division—Annual reunion at Hotel New Yorker, New York City, July 7-9, 1949. For information and reservations contact D. W. Carlton, General Chairman, Hotel New Yorker, 34th Street, New York 1, N. Y.

89th Division Society, California Sector (both WWs), meets every 3rd Wednesday in each month in Patriotic Hall, 1816 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Cal. For information contact Adjutant Joe T. Woods, P. O. Box 7844, DelValle Station, Los Angeles 15, Cal.

136th Station Hospital, Sudbury, Suffolk, England—2nd annual reunion will be held in Boston in August, 1949. Write Bill MacDonald, Secretary, 9318 Glenwood Road, Brooklyn 12, N. Y.

4th (Ivy) Div. Assn.—Reunion and dinner dance of the New York-New Jersey Chapter, Hotel Statler, N.Y. City, Saturday May 21st. Contact Howard F. Smith, 259 W. 14th St., New York City. Phone Chelsea 2-2395.

33rd (Yellow Cross) Division Association (both WWs)—Annual reunion at Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., June 17-18. Write George D. Radcliffe, Secretary, Room 508, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, for information and reservations.

Co. I, 308th Infantry Regt., A.E.F.—Annual reunion dinner at Augrick's Restaurant, 257 William Street, New York City, on Saturday, April 23, 1949. Jerome Steinhart, Chairman, 115 Central Park West, New York City.

78th (Lightning) Division Association, (both WWs)—Reunion on Saturday, May 7th, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. and 34th Street, New York City. Entertainment, business meetings, dinner, etc. Send reservations to John Gehgan, National Secretary, 697 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

54th Pioneer Infantry—Reunion at Philadelphia, Pa., Monday night, August 29th, during Legion National Convention, will be held at 103rd Engineers Armory, 400 N. Broad St. Write C. W. Fry, 531 Stanwood St., Philadelphia, Pa.

415th RR Tel. Bn., SC—Annual banquet on Saturday evening, April 30th, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill. Contact James J. Maher, Secretary, 3723 S. Rockwell St., Chicago 32, Ill. Phone La 3,3870.

200th QM Gas Supply Co.—Reunion at Pittsburgh, Pa., May 27-30, 1949. Contact John Vendrick, P. O. Box 476, Green Ridge, Pa.

Battery B, 53th Artillery, AEF, Veterans Association—25th annual banquet and reunion at Hotel Manger, Boston, Mass., Saturday, April 23rd. Write Frank J. Milliken, Adjutant, 12 Puritan Ave., Dorchester 21, Mass.

Replacement Outfit, 54th Artillery, WWI—Georgia outfit and others in shipwreck of the S.S. Otranto off coast of Scotland on October 6, 1918, contact James H. Hendrix, 809 Truman Ave., Key West, Fla. Reunion in the offing.

308th Field Signal Bn.—31st annual reunion at the Hotel Desher-Wallick, Columbus, Ohio, June 17-19, 1949. Make reservations and get copy of *The Bleat* by writing Tom Walsh, 611 Weber Ave., Akron 3, Ohio.

1st Armored Division Association—Met at Louisville, Ky., last year; is holding 2nd annual reunion on July 1 and 2, Chicago, Ill. Convention headquarters will be in Congress Hotel. Association

has made contract for publishing a history of Division. Write 1st Armored Division Association, 1115 17th Street N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

3rd Infantry Division Society—Annual reunion will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, on July 14-16, 1949. For information write William N. Burud, National Secretary, P. O. Box 74, Benjamin Franklin Station, Washington 4, D. C.

26th (Yankee) Infantry Division, (both WWs)—Annual national convention at Boston, Mass., June 23-26, 1949. For information write H. Guy Watts, National Secretary, 200 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

102nd MG Battalion—Annual reunion at Boston, Mass., Saturday, June 25th, during reunion of 26th (Yankee) Division (June 23-26). Headquarters, Hotel Lenox, Write Stewart B. Johnston, Secretary, Room 612, 75 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Base Hospital 26, Mayo Unit, WW1—30th annual reunion at Minneapolis, Minn., Friday, September 23rd. Contact B. H. Gile, Secretary, 514 Second Avenue S., Minneapolis 2, Minn.

USAACs—WW1—SSU French, Italian, Allentown Ambulance sections. Convention, Patchogue, L. I., June 23-25. Write Lou L. Hirschhorn, 61 Lismore Rd., Lawrence, L. I., N. Y.

99th General Hospital—Reunion and dinner dance, Henry Hudson Hotel, New York, Saturday night, October 15, 1949. Contact Kenneth F. King, President, P. O. Box 87, Metropolitan Station, Brooklyn 6, N. Y.

Co. H, 307th Infantry, WW1—Reunion dinner of Captain Eddie Grant's boys, now grown up, Saturday, May 21st. Write Bill Benjamin, 215 4th Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

71st Ordnance (LM) Co., 31st Infantry Division—Reunion planned. Write Edgar G. Bryant, 332 Mamaroneck Ave., Mamaroneck, N. Y.

U.S.S. Baham, AG 71—Reunion in St. Louis, Mo., July 3. Contact Olin Schmidt, 2822 Telegraph Rd., St. Louis Mo.

750th R.O.B.—Former members contact W. S. Thompson, 1061 W. Sheridan Rd., Chicago 40, Ill., or Chester L. Lahren, 1607 1st Ave. N., Fargo, N. Dak., for purpose of completing outfit association and fixing date for reunion.

43rd Engineers—Reunion planned. Contact Dale S. Peters, 1533 Colony Terrace, Hamilton, Ohio. Co. A, 148th Inf., 37th Division—Reunion at Paulding, Ohio, May 14-15. Contact Speck Rife or Charles Keeler, Paulding, Ohio.

Co. D, 259th Infantry, 65th Division—Members contact H. R. Bowman III, 915 Oneota St., Shreveport, La., for purpose arranging reunion.

COMRADES IN DISTRESS

VF-80, near Atlantic City, N. J.—Anyone who knew Lt. (j.g.) Wiley S. Kendig, killed in plane crash in March, 1944, or knew of his change of beneficiary NSLI, is requested to write his wife immediately. Urgent. Case in litigation; trial set for April 20. Address Mrs. Wiley S. Kendig, 717 West Lathan, Phoenix, Ariz.

Staff Sgt. Ralph A. Wichmann, lately discharged from U. S. Marines, is requested to write W. Ray Pearce, Salem, Ohio. Sgt. Wichmann witnessed an auto accident near Wooster, Ohio, May 6, 1948; testimony badly needed in settlement of damage cause. Home is believed to be in Wis.

Co. G, 101st Inf., 26th Div. Will anyone who served with me in this outfit in November, 1944, in action near Saarlauten, Germany, who knows of my injury when I fell into a shell hole, please write me. James H. Buffington, Rt. 1, Box 53-B, Hollister, Calif.

308th Field Signal Bn.—Paging Sergeant Major Francis Paul Gahn (France, WW1) whose statement is needed to complete claim for member of Battalion. Address Tom Walsh, 611 Weber Ave., Akron 3, Ohio.

Battery B, 448th AAA (AW) BNA—Service comrades who can furnish information about Pvt. Nial Moore (reported killed in action July 28, 1944) write his mother, Mrs. Ethel Moore, 155 East Broadway, Jackson, Ohio.

Hdqs. Base Section two—Will anyone who served in New Guinea with Capt. Marvin Dan Carughi please write his wife, Mrs. Brannan Carughi, Rt. 1, Box 171, Centerville, Miss. Statements needed to prove claim.

Camp Mead, Medical Detachment—Pvt. Charles Yost, Culbertson, Neb., (Med. Det., 17th Inf., 11th Div.) wants to hear from men who served with him at Camp Mead Med. Det., or Evacuation Hospital. Needs statements.

573rd Material Squadron, 65th Air Service—I would like to hear from men who served with me on Saipan from October, 1945, to February, 1946, who know about injuries received from a fall from a weapons carrier. Albert Louis Bleise, 469 Commercial Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.

Station Hospital, Walla Walla, Wash.—Claude R. Mote, Rt. 4, Magnolia, Miss., needs statement of William Niven, formerly of Eden, Miss., Corp. Robert T. Duddy, or other comrades who know of

his injury, broken ribs, on December 14, 1942.

Co. G, 105th Inf. Regt.—Men who served with Sergeant William Harold Bock who know of his wounds received in action (1918) are requested to contact his widow, Mrs. Mary Bock, 128 Fairmont Ave., Newark, N. J. Needs help for pension claim.

U.S. Navy—Abdon S. Marmolejo, P. O. Box 603, Yorktown, Texas, whose medical records are lost, needs statements of Vincent LeBeau, formerly of Kalamazoo, Mich., William McCoy, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mario Fernandez, New York, and S. J. Chenoweth, Dallas, Texas. Please write him.

Med. Det., Sec. 1, Medical Supply Branch, Camp Shelby, Miss.—Men who know of injuries (dislocated shoulder) suffered by M. W. Hobson, Post-office, Tuscaloosa, Ala., are requested to write him. Particularly wants statement of Pvt. Nicholas J. DeMarco.

Co. H, 132nd Infantry—If anyone remembers Charles G. Scott, (716 S. Poplar Ave., Kankakee, Ill.) in hospital at Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, please write him.

11th Regt. Marines—Men who sailed for France, September, 1918, on U.S.S. *DeKalb* or crew members who remember John D. (or Jack) Connors, please write. Statements needed. Address 13 E. Jackson St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

21st Weather Squadron—Sgt. Bobby G. Highnote, Rt. 1, Dawson, Ga., wants to contact Capt. Harry L. Hamilton, Jr., 1st Lt. Ramon Rogers and Capt. Weiss or others in his detachment. Statements for claim purposes wanted.

USNSD, Clearfield, Utah—Urgently need statements to support pension claim, men who served with me are requested to write. Frank Bates, 3314 S. 9th, St. Louis, Mo.

Co. A, 192nd Bn., Fort Jackson, S. C.—Need help to establish disability claim, men who served with me about May 10, 1947, write J. D. Homes, Montezuma, Tenn.

U.S. Navy—Paging men who saw me fall in a motor launch at Hampton Roads, Va., in 1918; please write. Need help to establish service connected disabilities. Charles A. Burgoyne, U. S. Naval Hospital, 16th & Pattison Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Co. F, 329th Inf., 83rd Div.—Need statements of service comrades at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, in 1942 and '43 to prove claim. Particularly need those of 1st Lt. Bricker, Lt. Rushing, and Capt. Richard E. Randall. Write M. J. Sweeney, 236 Clyde Street, Beckley, W. Va.

550th Replacement Co., 24th Repl. Depot—Want to contact any officer or enlisted men who was member of the cadre in Italy from August, 1944, to February, 1945, particularly those who witnessed my injury. I was 1st Sgt. Write Rudolph J. Mannari, 87 High Street, Catskill, N. Y.

U.S.S. *Hugh L. Scott*—Would like to hear from anyone getting service connected disability comp. for immersion blast effect (injuries from depth charges in water) or saw life raft dropped and hit me (ship's barber) when ship was torpedoed Nov. 12, 1942. Need affidavits of shipmates. Ivan R. Mobley, 115 Walnut Ave., Santa Cruz, Cal.

737 Ry, Operation Bn.—Anyone familiar with the circumstances of an accident that occurred near Byambang, Luzon, in March, 1945, involving a locomotive, a bridge, T/5 Banks, Sgt. Balatto and myself, please write. Statements needed for dental claim. Robert L. Ehlers, 205 Benton Ave., Missoula, Mont.

Edward F. Rodgers, 6 Pearl St., Providence, R. I., was injured in a collision while a member of 66th Mech. Cav. Ren. Troop, stationed at Camp Robinson, Ark. Later when serving with Co. C, 1st Bn, 188th Parachute Inf., 11th AB Div., in Luzon received other injuries resulting in partial deafness. Service comrades who can help him establish his claim are requested to write.

MG Co., 61st Inf., (WW1)—Any service comrade who can verify my illness and hospitalization in Base Hop. 36, Vittel, France, from Nov. 20, 1918, are requested to write. Need statements of Capt. Stark, Capt. Frank Foltz or Major Benowitz. George S. Harzer, Sherman Bldg., Room 8, U.S. Soldiers Home, Washington, D. C.

U.S.S. *Phoenix*—Calling A. B. Moore and Jesse C. Moreman who were with me when I was injured on shipboard. Anyone else who knows of incident write Rhybron L. Rosser, Box 102, Bankston, Ala.

Co. L, 124th Inf.—Bennie B. Wilson, (Indian), 34,581,857. Men who served with this veteran while in North France, Rhineland, Central Europe, get in touch with Ralph J. Reinhardt, Service Officer, Detroit Lakes, Mich. Help needed to establish a claim.

La Pallice, France, APO 735 (WW1)—Alfred H. Rooker, Rt. 1, Mt. Pleasant, Texas, needs evidence to complete his claim. Remembers Sgt. Levy, 656 Aero Sqdrn; Corp. George W. Gurr, Corp. John N. Vaughn, Pvts. Adam Savelle, Ralph Turner, William Shannon, Claude E. Reiv, Lt. Leland R. Hoke, and Lt. Col. Fletcher C. McFarland.

Michael Donovan, (Ph. M. Ic, USNR) U.S. Vet. Hospital, Castle Point, N. Y., needs assistance in completing claim. Asks that Pharmacist Mate 1st Class who had charge of staff X-ray department, Lido Beach, L. I., between December, 1945, and February, 1946, also doctor who examined pictures above dates to write.

Co. A, 734th Railroad Battalion—Pvt. John Cesario suffered injuries while serving with this outfit, New Orleans, La. Now needs assistance to prove claim. Anyone who remembers the circumstances please write John Colabaria, Service Officer, YTR Post, The American Legion, Yorkville, Ohio.

PLACES AND DATES FIXED FOR ORATORICAL MEETS

During the month of April the nation's forty-five top ranking secondary school orators, representing the same number of States and more than one quarter of a million young men and women who originally entered competition in the Legion's 1949 National High School Oratorical Contest, will vie through a series of national contests for national honors and eight thousand dollars in scholarship awards. The National Constitutional Oratorical Contest established a new high in 1949 from both the standpoint of interest and the number of students participating.

While all prepared orations and the extemporaneous feature topics have been based on some phase of the Constitution of the United States, discussion of all topics has given emphasis to the attendant duties and responsibilities of a citizen to our Government. Participating Departments and contest locations with dates—regionals, sectionals and national finals, follow.

Region 1—Maine, Massachusetts and New Hampshire at Rochester, New Hampshire, April 12; Region 2—Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island at Albany, New York, April 12; Region 3—Delaware, District of Columbia, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, at Martinsburg, West Virginia, April 12; Region 4—North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, at Richmond, Virginia, April 12; Region 5—Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi, at Birmingham, Alabama, April 12; Region 6—Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas, at Dallas, Texas, April 11; Region 7—Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, at Libertyville, Illinois, April 12.

Region 8—Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, at Topeka, Kansas, April 12; Region 9—Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, at Moorhead, Minnesota, April 12; Region 10—Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming, at Denver, Colorado, April 11; Region 11—Idaho, Montana, Oregon, at Boise, Idaho, April 11; Region 12—Arizona, California, Nevada and Utah, at Fresno, California, April 11.

Sectional Competitions

Sectional A—Regions 1, 2 and 3, Waterbury, Connecticut, April 14; Sectional B—Regions 4, 5 and 6, at Columbia, South Carolina, April 14; Sectional C—Regions 7, 8 and 9, at Fort Wayne, Indiana, April 14; Sectional D—Regions 10, 11 and 12, at Laramie, Wyoming, April 13.

The national finals, when winners of the four sectional meets will compete for the capital honors, will be held at Philadelphia on April 18.

JUNE AND JULY SHOOT ANNOUNCED BY DIRECTOR

James A. Woolrey, Canon City, Colorado, National Marksmanship Director, lists the following matches to be fired during June and July by Legionnaires and Sons of the American Legion.

A. A. Mitten Trophy match fired during June and July, for Sons of the American Legion, outdoors only, 50 yards, prone, .22 rifles with metallic sights, 5 man teams.

Last year this event was won by the Upper Darby, (Pa.) Post No. 214 Squadron with a record breaking score of 1000 points out of a possible 1000. That was the first time in the history of the event that a perfect score was made.

30 calibre rifle match fired during July for American Legion members, individuals and four-man Post teams, 10 standing, 10 kneeling (or squatting) at

200 yards, Army "A" target with 10 inch sighting black, metallic sights only, slow fire, and witnessed by Post Commander and Post Adjutant.

The Americanism Commission at National Headquarters will supply complete information on these matches to those interested in entering the competitions.

Americanism Booklets

The Americanism Division has reprints in limited quantities of the article "Capture of the Innocents" which it will distribute (while they last) gratis to Americanism Chairmen, Legion Schoolmasters Club heads, or Education Committee Chairmen who will agree by letter to distribute them to clergymen, or college and secondary school teachers. The article by Louis Budenz, a reprint from *Collier's* of November 27, 1948, exposes the manner in which the Commies get endorsements of gullible "liberals" and "intellectuals."

Also available to the same outlets are reprints of Gen. Bradley's article on "What You Owe Your Country" in which he stresses the obligation of citizenship.

Americans Meet in Manila

Sparked by the Legion of the Philippines an American Association of more than 400 members was organized in Manila in late January. The purposes of the Association are primarily to bring the American residents in the Islands into closer touch with each other and to preserve goodwill with the Philippine nationals. On the original board of directors are the following Legionnaires: Past Department Commander E. Byron Ford, Department Commander Frank S. Tenny, Department Chaplain Joseph R. Koch, and Ewald E. Selph. Mr. Selph presided at the meeting called to form the organization.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA JANUARY 31, 1949 ASSETS

Cash on hand and on deposit..	\$1,121,706.14
Receivables	234,954.73
Inventories	516,173.24
Invested Funds	958,028.46
Permanent Investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	255,440.11
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund	870,227.86
Real Estate, less depreciation..	562,513.21
Furniture, Fixtures & Equipment, less depreciation	291,934.83
Deferred Charges	138,871.41
	<u>\$4,949,849.99</u>

LIABILITIES, DEFERRED REVENUE AND NET WORTH

Current Liabilities	\$ 242,745.00
Funds Restricted as to use....	258,342.07
Deferred Revenue	1,407,622.88
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund .. \$ 255,440.11	
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund ..	<u>870,227.86</u>
	1,125,667.97
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital	748,891.40
Unrestricted Capital	<u>1,166,580.17</u>
	<u>\$4,949,849.99</u>

MEMBERSHIP LOSERS PAY WITH LOBSTERS AND HATS

At the Commanders and Adjutants Conference at Indianapolis last November, Department Commander William C. McCraw, of Texas, felt so good about his membership prospects that he challenged Department Commander Philip G. Cashman, of Massachusetts. He offered to bet 100 pounds of the best Texas steer beef against a barrel of lobsters that the Lone Star State would have a greater percentage of membership on assigned quota by December 31 than the Pilgrims of Massachusetts.

McCraw won. His Department turned in 46,741, or 45.17 percent of quota against the old Bay State's 33,642, or 32.24 percent of quota. Now Commander McCraw is—or should be—picking lobster meat out of the cavities of his molars.

Department Commander Pat Milloy of North Dakota, (who had a leadpipe cinch by reporting 100 percent of membership in November) took on Department Commander Eugene F. Naegele of Montana for a membership race, winner to get one good Stetson hat. With a 100 percent start, North Dakota's Commander could figure himself for a hat when the bet was recorded, but Montana's skipper made a noble effort—result on December 31st: North Dakota, 18,136, or 119.47 of quota; Montana, 10,777, or 63.37 percent of quota.

At the same time West Virginia's Commander Donald R. Wilson mixed with Virginia's Commander J. Westwood Smithers in a membership race extending to February 15th. The Mountain State Legionnaires vanquished the Old Dominion in this contest, and were paid off with a dinner and oratory at Bluefield on February 19th. West Virginia turned in 34,640 members, for a percentage of 71.09; Virginia had 25,772, or 62.24 percent of quota.

Father Buttons Son

At the 30th annual banquet of Morrison (Illinois) Post No. 328, held on January 17th, Past Commander Herman Beveroth was assigned to present the appropriate badge to his son, Past Commander Marvin Beveroth. At the same meeting 21 members of the Post were awarded 30 year continuous membership cards.

Santa Cruz Pilgrimage Resumed

After some years of inactivity, due to war conditions, the annual Santa Cruz Pilgrimage, Santa Cruz, California, will be held on May 13 to 15, 1949. The five Legion Posts of Santa Cruz County, and Santa Cruz Voiture No. 740, 40 and 8, are handling much of the detail work in cooperation with the Chamber of Commerce. Climaxing the Pilgrimage will be the spectacular pageant, "The Miracle of the Trees," in an open air amphitheatre set against the background of the 5,000-year-old Big Trees, with seating arrangements for 5,000.

YOUR BEST YEARS AHEAD

(Continued from page 23)

by the time he was 35, and he wanted an income of at least \$8,500. To get the required experience, he planned to spend three years in a textile mill and three years selling textiles. This he did. At 36, he was making \$11,000 a year as a textile salesman, and when an unexpected break came along, he moved right into the general manager's job with a small textile company at \$12,000.

HOWEVER, it's one thing to chart your course and it's something else again to make your dreams come true. No matter how good a job you do on the way up, no matter how much you improve your abilities through part-time study, you'll get further a lot faster if you make it a point to broaden your contacts, as you go along.

Bill Johnson was a struggling young assistant in the sales department of a leading shoe company. Bill worked nights figuring out a new salary and commission plan that had many advantages over the system in use.

He submitted his plan to the sales manager, who shot holes through it—turned it down.

Bill was afraid to press the matter any further. He didn't want to make his boss sore and run a chance of being invited to leave.

The plan was forgotten. Months passed. Then it happened.

Through a good friend, Bill got a tempting offer from another company.

This offer put new life into Bill, gave him confidence in himself.

So he reached into the bottom drawer, dusted off the old plan, went back to see the sales manager, answered all the objections, and "stood up" to the boss.

Having turned down the plan once, the sales manager commented wryly, "Maybe it'll work and maybe it won't. If you're so sure about it, we'll try it out in one territory."

The test results turned out so favorable that the sales manager finally admitted, "You've got something there," and enthusiastically adopted the plan on a nation-wide scale.

Now, Bill's one of the fair-haired boys in the sales department. He didn't *have* to change his job to get a raise and real recognition. Sometimes it pays to "stick it out" with the same company—providing you make the required progress.

SOMETIMES, however, you've got to change your job to get more money or to broaden your experience and if you try to move without engineering an "offer" in advance, you run a chance of hurting your trading position.

As a matter of fact, you're never on sound ground unless you *always* have at least one other employer who is willing to buy your services if they ever become available.

"But how do you work a thing like that?" I am often asked.

And the simple answer is, "You cultivate those who can either buy your services or recommend you to those who can."

"Yes," you say, "but who are these in-

fluent people and how do I get to know them?"

It may surprise you to learn that you already know many of them. In all my years of career counselling, I've found that when a person is approached by someone else with a really attractive job offer, it's usually because he was recommended for the job by a former boss or a personal friend.

Yesterday a junior executive I know called me up to let me know he had a "wonderful offer" and was "changing jobs."

I asked my favorite question, "How did it happen?"

"A Detroit wholesaler I used to work for has always thought I had a lot on the ball," this young executive explained. "He mentioned my name to a friend of his and his friend looked me up."

That's the sort of thing that happens to someone every day in the week.

THE ONLY reason it does not happen to most of us is that we ignore our old bosses and we neglect our old friends.

When we leave a job, we fail to preserve our good relations with our old boss. We make no effort to keep in touch with him, year in and year out, and to let him know how we're progressing.

When the last day on the old job rolls around, too many make the common mistake of "getting a few things off their chest," or "telling the boss off" on their way out and *really* closing the door!

Whenever I find a skeleton like that in a person's career closet, the first thing I have him do is to look up the old boss he told off, and apologize. The interesting result is that when you go to a former employer and apologize for being thoughtless, he's really for you from then on—sometimes more so than if you had never made the mistake in the first place.

But even when you do leave "on the

best of terms," it's easy to forget all about the man you used to work for. One of the commonest things in the world is for a fellow to neglect his old bosses and his friends until he happens to lose his job or get into some kind of jam and needs help . . . quick. Then it's a little late. We cannot *suddenly* revive or manufacture high-confidence relations with people. We must gradually develop and preserve them as a regular planned part of our everyday lives, if we are to enjoy the timely benefits of such relationships.

"Yes," you say, "but how does one set about reviving these former business connections and forgotten friendships?"

The first thing to do is to get out pencil and paper and write down the names of former business associates, former teachers, and other friends, and then ask yourself, in connection with each name on the list, "How long has it been since I have seen or written this person? Is there any way in which I could possibly serve him?"

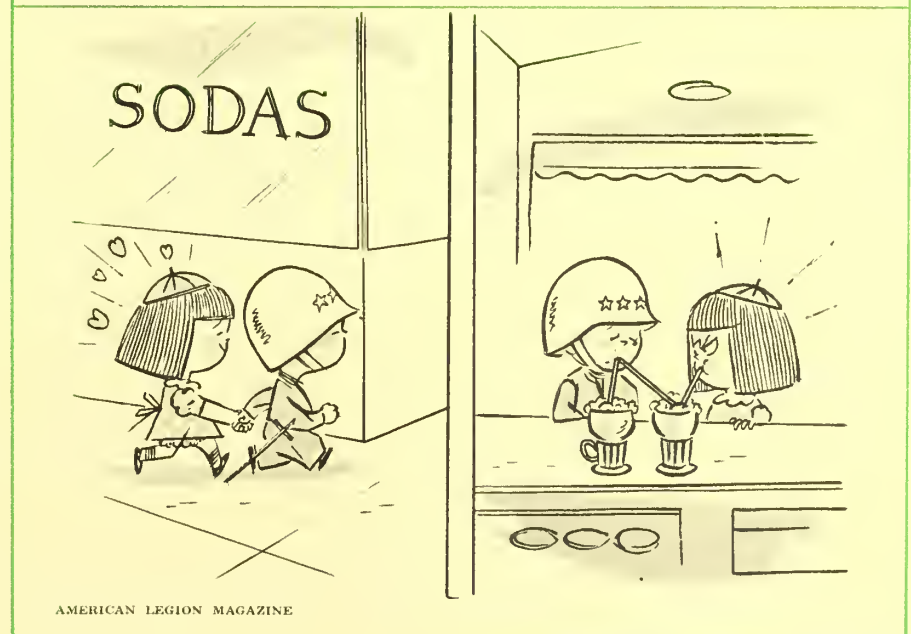
There are one hundred and one ways of serving a person.

You can remember his birthday. You can send him a newspaper clipping or a magazine article or even a book—something that you know will interest him. You can write him a letter at Christmas time—not just a card, but a letter which is much more thoughtful and personal. One of the highest compliments you can pay anyone is to ask him for counsel, and one of the highest honors is to invite him into your home.

MOST people can make strategic use of their lunch hour—not only in keeping up contacts with old friends, but also in building new contacts with those who can sponsor their progress careerwise. But instead of spending this valuable time with people from other companies—exchanging ideas and broadening our horizons—most

GENERAL MISCHIEF

By S. B. STEVENS



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

of us just wait until noon time rolls around and then we eat with Joe who sits at the next desk.

If You're 35 to 55

If you're 35 to 55, your main vocational objective is to get into peak earnings. If you haven't yet reached these earnings, you've got to go back and concentrate on Vocational Objective #1 and Avocational Objective #2, as explained earlier. Then you're ready for Objective #4—to prepare for the years beyond 55.

And don't think for one minute that "retirement" is the answer. The old-

one most available to most people. A careful study of our case histories reveals that any man's chances of finding a satisfactory activity of his own are immeasurably improved when he takes into account the following points:

1. It is best to select a business in which you can use the abilities you have developed during your peak earning years. For example, we have very few cases in which a "city feller" made good as a farmer later in life. Our most successful cases are those where the



"Will the people of Sodom be spared? Will Lot's wife go with him?
Tune in next Sunday and see"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

fashioned idea that a man should make enough money during his peak earning years to retire and do nothing for the rest of his life, no longer makes sense. The whole idea of retirement is psychologically unsound. Whenever any man gets full possession of his time, with nothing to do in it, he usually winds up playing too much, or drinking too much, or smoking too much, or loafing too much, or boring the dickens out of everyone, repeating all the wonderful things he used to do in the good old days.

WE HAVE found only one satisfactory solution to this problem.

In order to continue to enjoy both the income and the prestige which go with an important position, the successful person must either:

1. Plan to achieve control over his present job so that no one can fire him in his later years, or
2. Devote part of his spare time, during his prime, to a search for some avocational activity, which promises to flower into a vocational activity later in life, over which he can exercise complete control.

The second solution, of course, is the

person selected a business which he already knew a lot about.

2. Select a business that you can get excited about—one that you believe in, one that satisfies your basic desires to perform a service or do something worth while. If you can make a "cause" or even a "religion" out of your business, so much the better.
3. Select a business that puts you into everyday relations with the kind of people you enjoy. This human relations factor is tremendously important.
4. Select a business in which age and experience are definite assets rather than handicaps.
5. Select a business which lends itself to small-scale operations—one that you can continue to direct with ease as long as you live. A "big" business is likely to become so complicated and burdensome that you might lose the essential control which is a primary requisite.

If You're Over 55

If you're over 55 and you're not your own boss, you have no time to lose. You should take immediate steps to prepare yourself to get into some kind of small,

agreeable business of your own so that no one can fire you. If you don't, you may get an unpleasant shock any time from now on, and you're almost certain to get such a shock before many years are past.

EVEN though you've made no preparation whatsoever, up until now, don't let this discourage you. I know an elderly office manager who suddenly lost his job and after being sore at the world in general for several months, decided to start a small printing business of his own. Beginning with nothing but a mimeograph machine, he soon acquired a hand press, and kept himself busy on small handbill jobs right in his own neighborhood. Now he's doing a nice business.

I know a sales manager who was bewildered after he lost his job at 56. About six months later, however, he telephoned me, wanted to see me right away, and I've never seen a man more excited.

"I've done it!" he exclaimed. "I'm in the travel service business. You know how I love Florida. And you know how nuts I am about fishing. Well, believe it or not, I'm doing business with the tired executives I used to work with and know so well. Whenever they get a breather and want to go to Florida, I arrange their whole trip for them—get their transportation, get exactly what they want in hotel reservations, rent them fishing boats when they get there, or take care of anything else they want down there. New York's full of potential customers. I've got all I can handle.

"What a business! . . . And it's all mine! I'm in it for life! You're right—you don't have to fade at 56!"

All you have to do is to find out what kind of business you can get enthused about—something in which you can make use of your past experience, something that keeps you in touch with the kind of people you enjoy, something in which age is an asset rather than a handicap, something that lends itself to small-scale operations so that you can control it with ease as long as you live.

THE MAN who owns a small weekly newspaper and print shop, the man who runs a hunting lodge in Canada, the man who acts as a business consultant specializing in retail store advertising devices for large national advertisers, the man who breeds, trains, and sells bird dogs, the man who operates a golf and driving range in New Jersey in the summer and in Florida in the winter, the man who operates a water-softener business, the man who operates a small direct-mail advertising agency, the man who operates a nursery—these are among the thousands of men who are having the time of their lives in their later years.

You, too, can completely lose yourself in your own little business—depending on what your interests are. For you, too, the later years can be a succession of glorious adventures in the sunset.

So just remember—whether you're young and just getting started, whether you're middle-aged (but don't look it), or whether you're in the later years, your future is in your hands. Your future is what you plan it!

THE END

FATHER JUBILO AND THE WILD INDIANS

(Continued from page 15)

scarlet enamel to make it quickly identifiable as far as the eye could see. Each night he assembled small bundles of gifts, tied with red ribbon, then with the sun he rose over the Sierra de Perija and its river canyons and dropped presents with little red parachutes whenever he spotted a Motilon or Motilon village in the jungles below.

THE OIL companies, Father Jubilo told me when I next talked with him, were fine partners; they had imported very fine quality trade goods in almost superabundance. Young pilot Jim who flew the little scarlet plane had the skill of a swallow. Yes, he had seen Motilones. They'd stop whatever they were doing at the moment and dive for jungle cover. But they were receiving the parachuted presents—when he returned the next day his red parachutes had always disappeared from the rocks, ground, or even the tree tops where he had dropped them.

"A waste of time—and presents!" a tough old oil geologist insisted. "Millions of barrels of oil waiting for us and we let a few Indians mess us up with bows and arrows! Give me that plane and I'll show you how to solve the Motilon problem, pronto!"

"Yesterday," Father Jubilo told me optimistically when we next met, "I dropped my five hundredth bundle! And do you know my best news? Well, I've spotted Motilon women wearing the dresses I sent down to them! Now I'm dropping mirrors, perfume, scented soap, ten cent store jewelry—and plenty of candy for the children!" Motilones, he told me, were no longer diving out of sight when the plane spotted them. They had become familiar with the peaceful missions of the scarlet plane, and stood out in the open so Father Jubilo wouldn't miss them.

"A fine old heart the Father has," a Maracaibo skeptic said, "but the Motilones are wild *animals*, not people. If I flew over a tiger den and dropped raw meat I could get the beasts to sit up on their haunches when I came again, waiting for another carcass! But the tigers wouldn't be pussy cats—or tame!" Father Jubilo, he insisted, was merely giving the Motilones appetites for things they'd soon be raiding the nearest oil camps at night to steal!

On several occasions I told the old missionary that most of his observers thought he should be dropping candy sugar-mixed with poison or presents containing delayed action bombs, rather than peace offerings. But his reply was always a good natured chuckle. "Well," he admitted after he had experienced a narrow escape from a fog blanketed canyon, "I suppose it might seem simpler just to erase the Indians from the jungle and be done with them. But they are God's people too, aren't they? Tell my critics to have patience, son! Each week I can feel a growing friendship down there among the Motilones. They watch the sky, now, for my arrival," he added happily, "and wave to me!"

Yesterday, he said, he had circled very

low over three big houses in a narrow canyon and the Motilones had come out into the sunshine and stood together, men as well as women and children waving and holding up their arms for the new bundles he was preparing to drop. "I'm sending my photograph down to them now!" he said gleefully. "I posed for some enlargements on cardboard so they can hang me—Father Jubilo—in their homes and get acquainted with me!"

"Bah!" an idle pipeline engineer grunted. "We've just got the habit, now,



of appeasing *everybody*! All over the world we've been turning one cheek and then the other! Now it's the Motilones! When we built a railroad from New York to California did we let a few Indians stand in our way? No, *senor*! We killed 'em by the thousands in the old days of real pioneering, Sioux, Apache, Iroquois, whenever they got in our path. We're too soft, these days!"

But Father Jubilo, patiently flying his sky trails, was increasingly happy. Other planes flying across the mountains from the Magdalena to Maracaibo seldom saw Motilones and then only for an instant. But the Indians didn't hide from the little scarlet plane. "They recognize me now as a Motilon friend!" he told me. "And they'll recognize me as a friend when they see me on the ground, walking toward them!" He was making very certain of this, he explained, by dropping in each gift bundle a set of colored photographs, one showing him looking out of the plane, one getting out of the cockpit, one walking with a red ribbon-tied bundle in his arms, and a fourth photograph showing how he looked when shaking hands with some smiling mission Indians.

"The Motilones will be able to identify me quickly when they see me on the

ground," he said, "from these photographs and the red ribbon-tied bundle I'll have in my arms!"

"If I was the Padre," a big oil driller grunted. "I'd wear a steel vest on my back as well as my belly!"

No friend, however, could swerve the old missionary from his plans or philosophies. The things he saw through his rose colored glasses were rosier than ever. "I think the time has come," he announced one evening as we watched the blazing sun set with a roar of color into the Caribbean, "to take off my temporary wings and walk again like a man. For three flights I've dropped no bundle of food or clothing or other presents—only photographs of the way I look when I walk in the jungle with presents in my arms. Well," he said, "wish me good luck! By the time you return from Panama I'll be up there in the Sierra de Perija or along the banks of the Rio Oro—living with the Motilones!"

"So long, Padre!" I said clutching his big hand. "Walk with God—but *cuidado*! Walk carefully!" There were some men, I reminded him, whom even God Himself had never tamed.

"I'll have to live with them alone for a month or so, several months maybe," he admitted. "I'll have to learn to talk with them and compose a Motilon dictionary, so other men can also talk with Motilones. I've arranged with young Jim to fly over on certain days and drop supplies—with big parachutes!"

That was the last time I saw jolly Father Jubilo. I left at dawn next morning for a flight to the Panama Canal. He was flying in the opposite direction, southeast from Barranquilla to an oil camp where a pipeline was pumping oil from the southernmost edge of Motilon country. He had airmapped a foot route from the camp into the mountain-locked valley of the Rio Oro. He was going to walk alone across the boundary of civilization with a pack on his back and a bundle tied with red ribbon in his arms. And there was no man in Colombia or Venezuela who was able to persuade him that he would not be greeted with the hand of Motilon friendship.

WHEN I next picked up Father Jubilo's trail, or rather chronology, a month later, I received a terrific mental as well as spiritual shock. He was a man, as I've said, of whom most of us had become more than ordinarily fond. He had that far too rare human quality of human light, shining with a strength which others could always share in the night or twilight. "What's the good news of Padre Jubilo?" I asked as soon as I entered the oil men's screened clubhouse in the Magdalena jungles.

A pipeline guard, late of the U. S. Marines, looked at me with a frozen leathery face for a moment. "Not so good, these days!" he said and left me alone in the room with Big Mike the bartender. Big Mike kept on polishing the cedar bar top silently.

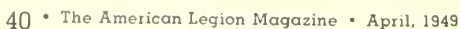
"These big strong Marines we imported," he finally announced as though

No Motion shot primitive arrows at us that day, in the primitive wilderness. We had dogs that could smell out savages for us, dogs which never smelled angels where they should have smelled devils. And we men were too well armed — with bullets rather than presents. THE END

(Continued from page 17)

"That ought to make Texas the top State

"All are physically handicapped in some way or other.



"They are members of the Molokai leper settlement."

By this time I had forgotten all about old ladies and stick-rubbing. Forcing the lump out of my throat, I mumbled something about not knowing there were "Scouts in the Scout Pacific . . . er . . . South Pacific."

"Right the first time," Commander Keane snapped, underlining each word with a jabbing finger in my chest. "Admiral Nimitz had more than a million ex-Scouts in his command, and you know what he says about 'em? He says 'Forty

percent of my men were Scouts, but that forty percent won sixty percent of all decorations for valor.' Honestly, now, can you top that?"

"Nope," I said, "but it does remind me of a story. You probably weren't anywhere near New Bedford in 1942 when this happened. Chances are you were several hundred miles and one ocean away from that bustling Massachusetts city, but I've listened to your yarns, and as long as I have you buttonholed, lend an ear:

"It seems a bus load of civilians heading home for supper came careening down

a side street, only to find the route blocked by a small and ancient truck. The jalopy was piled high with scrap, and about a dozen Scouts were cramming still more on top. The bus ground to a screeching stop and the driver leaned out and bel-lowed:

"Hey, you kids! Get that truck out of there. I've got a lotta people here who want to get home."

"Mister," yelled back one of the Scouts, "I've got two brothers who want to get home too. They're in the South Pacific."

THE END

BEWARE OF THE TALENT RACKETEER

(Continued from page 21)

then a reducing parlor—more money is spent. Of course the agent gets a cut from each of these service charges . . . Some of these make-believe operators' dealings end here . . . others have turned the nude picture files into catalogues for distribution to male customers who allegedly want 'models.' These customers usually don't even own a camera, District Attorney investigators said. The catalogues contain sets of enticing pictures, with lists of names, body measurements, color of hair, and phone numbers . . . Models have been led into the vice racket by being sent to hotel rooms and other places, ostensibly to pose . . . Disillusioned models and parents whose minor daughters have fallen victim to such rackets have given information to the Better Business Bureau which is co-operating to halt such practices."

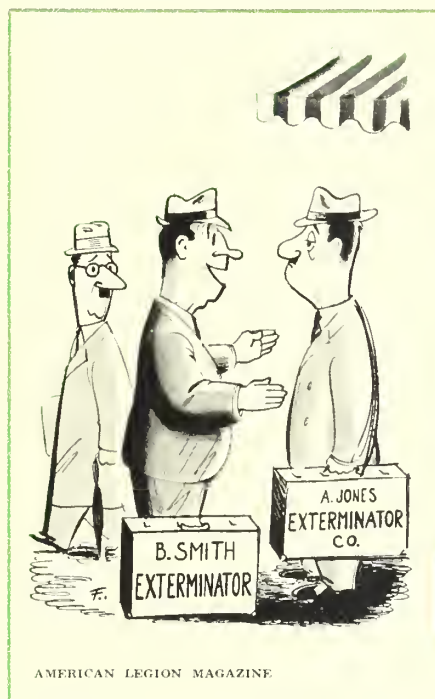
My own short apprenticeship as a talent scout came as the result of a classified ad in one of our largest and most respected newspapers. In large type it called for talent scouts, immediately pointed out that no experience was necessary, and promised exceptional earnings. I went to the hotel specified.

The interview was unique. About 50 of us prospective talent scouts were packed into a small room. Mr. G., presumably the boss, sat behind a desk. He was suave, likable, well-dressed, and one of the most convincing talkers I ever heard. First he told us that no matter how much money we had ever made before, we could make more with this line of work.

Our job would be that of calling on prospects furnished us by the crew manager, looking over the youngsters and signing the children who had what we considered promising talent. We were to collect a five-dollar enrollment fee, of which we were to keep four and turn over the other dollar, along with the contract, to our crew manager.

It was pleasant work, and a job to be proud of, he said, because we were digging up talent for television. Employing sight as well as sound, television needed a new kind of personality, and these schools we would represent were conducting a nation-wide search to supply it. Now and then as he talked a young girl or group of girls would enter the room. Mr. G. would introduce them as newly acquired talent scouts and ask them how many they had signed that day. Invariably the reply would be ten or twelve. At four dollars each, that wasn't bad!

Mr. G. emphasized that this was a real business and was not to be referred to as a "racket." He stressed that we were representing legitimate stage schools and that every child who made the grade would be auditioned for television. In fact he was most ethical, insisting that every-



thing had to be done with scrupulous honesty. Later I thought how disillusioned he might have been had he seen the way his scouts operated. I say "might have been" since of course I'll never know.

Anyway, we left the hotel room, another group of 50 or so prospective talent scouts took our places, and I found myself outside with a group of six, assigned to Harry, our crew manager.

Harry was less of an idealist than the big boss. He made it plain that "the guys that make the jack is them that looks good and shaves every day." He said he used to sell pots and pans from door to door but liked the talent business better because it was a lot easier to get inside the door. Then he explained that our work day would start at the noontime recess at a grade school. Not a high school, he pointed out, because kids of that age are too smart, and not in good neighborhoods, where the parents might catch on. The place to catch them was where kids and

parents would be most likely to fall for it—in the poorer sections of town.

It was interesting to watch Harry work the schools to get leads. Standing on the sidewalk near the school he would call over a couple of youngsters, flash his phony "Talent Scout" card at them and ask if they'd care to go on television. Just try to find a kid that doesn't! Harry would take their names. As he did, word would get around and soon there'd be a crowd of boys and girls asking to be signed up.

One recess produces from 50 to 100 names or leads, and about an equal number when school lets out in the afternoon. These are then farmed out to the crew. In our crew there were two girls and four men. One of the girls was a professional skater, recuperating from an appendectomy; the other was an ex-waitress. One of the men had been selling mail order shoes, and still had his sample case. Another was an ex-GI studying medicine and in need of extra money. The fifth was on unemployment insurance, and was fascinated by a job whose earnings would not interfere with his benefits. For, mind you, even up to this point no one had bothered even to take our names. I don't know how an outfit like this handles such matters as employment records, taxation, etc., but possibly it's done with a ouija board.

Having enough names, Harry started to show us how to sign them up. He would take one of the group with him while the rest of us waited on a street corner. The usual waiting time was 10 or 15 minutes. In most cases the deals were closed. At length my turn came. For the first time since I joined the organization I was asked my name. I gave a phony one, Ed Curtiss.

We walked up three flights in a ramshackle tenement house. Harry rapped on the door and a middle-aged man cautiously opened it.

"Talent scout," said Harry, flashing his yellow card.

"Yes, I heard you were coming. Won't you step in?" Our host opened the door and we found ourselves in a poorly furnished but spotlessly clean room.

"Where's Johnny?" asked Harry looking around. "We were sent out to test him for television." Indicating me he went on. "This is Mr. Curtiss. He's head of our West Coast studios. He just flew in from Hollywood today."

I said nothing for I'd been carefully briefed to keep my mouth shut during the interview. I merely tried to look like Darryl Zanuck. (Continued on page 42)

(Continued from page 41)

Johnny came in, a shy, rangy youngster of ten or eleven.

"Let's hear you sing, Johnny," commanded Harry.

Frozen stiff with fright, his arms glued to his sides, Johnny self-consciously mumbled the lyrics of a hillbilly ballad. There was no musical accompaniment. Indeed there was little music. It was all mechanical and dead-pan. But Harry acted delighted.

"That's great!" he roared. "That's almost as good as Roy Rogers."

"Was it?" timidly asked the amazed child.

"Sure it was," Harry reassured him. "Can you play a guitar? No? Well, then, we got to teach you. Then we'll have you on television in no time."

Turning to the child's father he said, "You love this kid don't you? You want to give him a break? Well, here's your chance. This boy's got real talent. I know it because that's my business. But he's got to be trained. Talent's gotta be brung out."

The father was beginning to swell with pride. That Roy Rogers crack had done the trick and Harry knew it. He moved in for the kill.

"Here, sign this application and give me five bucks for the enrollment fee."

"You sure John will go on television?" the father asked.

"Sure," said Harry. "Otherwise I'd be wastin' my time."

The father dug in his pocket and produced five crumpled one-dollar bills. Then he reached for Harry's fountain pen and signed the contract.

As we left the house Harry gave me a few more pointers, asked if I'd got the pitch, and if I thought I could handle it from then on. I nodded.

"All right, then," he said, "here's your talent scout card. Just put your name on it. Here's some enrollment blanks, and here's some names. Now go on and make yourself some money. Don't spend too much time with 'em. Keep telling them it only costs a dollar and a quarter a lesson. Don't give them the total figure. If I told that old guy he was signing up for 65 weeks he'd have dropped dead. I'll see you at the studio at ten tomorrow."

My training had ended. I was now on my own and all set for those exceptional earnings the advertisement had promised. Yet, somehow, something had happened. Those earnings weren't quite as glamorous or desirable as they were before I had "got the pitch." Then, too, I had a feeling that I might end up by looking across the bench at some judge.

So instead of pulling door bells I decided I would do some investigating of my own.

My first call was at the Better Business Bureau, where I learned that, with the exception of a few midwestern states, talent scouts are operating nationally. The annual take runs into millions. The schools they represent are either outright phonies or third or fourth-raters at best. Many of the scouts welcomed into homes are of the underworld fringe and not a few of them have criminal records.

The racket has other ramifications. For example, it is quite common for the talent

scout to request a photo of the child being signed up. The excuse is that he wants it as a keepsake, to boast about when the kid becomes famous. What he really wants with your child's picture is to peddle it on a sort of super-sucker list to either a fake publicity counselor or gyp model agency, one or both of whom will show up later.

The publicity counselor is purely a money racketeer, and currently there are quite a few of these outfits whose salesmen are busy contacting parents. Parents are assured by them that their youngster is photogenic, and just what the movies, television or modeling have been looking



"Hello! Lulu Laverne? Well - you don't know me, but my brother was stationed here four years ago-and..."
AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

for. However, a build-up is necessary. The salesman says that his company will take the child's photo, publish it and otherwise make the child's qualifications available for inspection by theatrical agencies, casting directors and talent scouts. A contract is signed. It of course does not promise employment, but merely provides for the picture, its publication in a talent directory, and for filing the information in the counselor's office.

When the jobs do not materialize, the fond parents on investigating find that all the conditions of the written contracts have been fulfilled. Verbal promises made by the salesman are simply denied.

The model agencies which do not go in for procurement, like the Hollywood outfit mentioned earlier, but which do prey on gullible parents, can usually manage to obtain \$50 or more per child. This is by requiring photographs (taken at a certain studio), registration fees, etc.

What can you do about these swindlers? Obviously, the answer is to tell them all NO, in a loud, firm voice. And if that doesn't do it, call a cop.

That may seem like pretty drastic treatment. After all, what if the talent scout should happen to be legitimate? Wouldn't you be ruining your child's future?

The answer to that is that legitimate talent scouts don't work like that. In fact, if a man comes to your door saying he's a talent scout, it's almost *prima facie* evidence that he isn't, despite his fancy card.

Of course, if you want to give him the benefit of the doubt, do. But before you sign anything or give him any money, check with the Better Business Bureau or your police department.

You may argue that you *know* there are talent scouts, and you can name famous actors and actresses who have been discovered by them. The facts concerning movie talent scouts were explained to me by Gene Martel talent scout for Paramount Pictures in the East.

First he explained that, since it takes a great deal more than a pretty face or a good figure to make the grade in pictures, the legitimate talent scout's search is generally confined to the theatrical show windows - night clubs, radio, television, top-notch dramatic schools and the theater. Contrary to popular opinion, it is rare that an actor or actress has been discovered behind a counter or picked from an elevator cab. However, it has occasionally happened on type casting. In those rare cases the legitimate talent scout works like this:

He approaches the prospect, his card in hand, and presents it to her. He does not ask the prospect's name or address. He merely states that there might be a chance for a screen test, and asks if she's had any experience in appearing before an audience. She is then told to phone him at the Paramount Pictures office. In this way there can be no misunderstanding. When the girl calls, the telephone operator answers "Paramount Pictures," and gives the call to Mr. Martel who makes an appointment for an audition.

Never under any circumstances does the real talent scout (in these rare cases) ever ask for the girl's name or phone number. Nor is the audition predicated on the payment of a fee. Also, under no circumstances does he ever visit her home.

It's a safe bet that anyone representing himself as a talent scout who does not operate in this manner is an out-and-out phony.

There's another reason why a bona fide talent scout is hardly likely to come knocking at your door. The sad fact is that talent is a drug on the market.

At Actors Equity one of the union officials, Charles Mantia, reported that at the present time there are 50 applicants for each job on the legitimate stage. Fifty trained applicants too. In television the situation is, if anything, even worse. Talent of all kinds is available in wholesale lots. An executive of one of our largest broadcasting chains put the matter neatly when he said: "What television needs today isn't additional talent but additional sponsors."

Unfortunately Mr. G. wasn't with me when I talked to this executive. So, presumably, Mr. G. is still flooding the country with talent scouts who glibly promise careers in a field they know nothing about.

However, you don't have to help stuff the wallets of Mr. G. and his scouts, the chiseling model agents or any similar swindlers. Just go on the assumption that the fellow's a crook if he wants money from you because he says your children are talented or beautiful. You'll be right at least 98 per cent of the time. THE END

ONE MAN IN EIGHT MILLION

(Continued from page 24)

Amputees are rightly sensitive to publicity which makes out that everything is hunky-dory.

But they are repeatedly asked to cooperate in this kind of propaganda, which is popular because it eases the public conscience.

Fred Hensel's story is one of a man who loves his country and does not resent the fact that he gave both arms and legs defending it. He is a man who may be down but never out.

He was a master sergeant and battalion tank maintenance man on Okinawa. It was June 2, 1945, and the fight for that island was almost over.

Nearly a score of tanks were damaged and out of commission. It was Fred's job to repair them and put them back in action. He cautioned his crew about mines as they felt their way toward the tanks. Suddenly Fred called out, "Come on, boys. I've found some fresh tank tracks. We can walk in them."

He knew that a man's weight would not set off a mine if a tank had passed over it and failed. So Fred stepped into the track and started forward, leading his crew. Then came the explosion.

Fred did not learn until later that the Japanese had buried mines and faked the tank tracks to lure him and his crew onto

the mines. He didn't know anything for five days. He was unconscious. The explosion blew off both legs and one arm and mangled the other arm so badly it had to be amputated.

The hospital ship *Samaritan* took Fred from Okinawa to Guam. He remained on Guam 20 days and then a C-54 took him to Honolulu. From there he was flown by transport plane to San Francisco and then to Percy Jones Hospital at Battle Creek, Michigan.

His spirits on the flight were as high as they are today. He shows pictures, and jokes about it. "I was dressed only in a towel," he said.

He hadn't flown over water before. But he had no fear of the vast ocean. "There was nothing I could do about it anyway," he grinned. "I couldn't use a parachute."

His wife, Jewell, back in Kentucky, had learned the tragic news and was counting the minutes. First she received a letter from Fred's commanding officer. He wrote that her husband was wounded and would be coming home soon.

"I looked for the worst," Jewell said. "I knew they weren't sending back master sergeants with jobs as important as Fred's unless there was something terribly wrong."

Immediately after she received the let-

ter from the officer she got one from Fred. A Red Cross worker had written for him. He told Jewell everything and the censors let it pass.

The Army furnished her transportation and saw to it that Jewell was in Battle Creek when Fred arrived. When you ask Fred today what might have been his fate had there been no Jewell, he looks into space. He chokes up a little as he answers, "If it hadn't been for Jewell I guess I'd have been in a heck of a fix."

Although Fred Hensel and Jewell Carty grew up in Corbin, Kentucky, pre-war population 8,000, they did not meet until Fred came home from the Army on furlough. They were married nine months after World War II started and Jewell traveled with him from camp to camp until he went overseas.

Fred describes himself as a "war baby." He was born August 3, 1918, during World War I, so he is now 30. His parents died when he was a child. An aunt and uncle reared him. He went to the eighth grade in school.

Fred enlisted in 1937 at 18 and he fitted into Army life as a hand into a glove. He loves the Army and would rather be around soldiers than any other class of men.

(Continued on page 44)



FRED HENSEL surrounded by his dogs. One of his favorites is Captain Dick, a pure-bred springer spaniel given to Fred by John R. Fishdick of Eagle River, Wisconsin. Hensel likes to sit in the woods at night on 'possum hunts and listen to the dogs



COLOSSAL
STUPENDOUS
THRILLING

GIGANTIC
NOT TOO BAD
SUPERB

THE NEW MOVIES

By R. WILSON BROWN

FLAMINGO ROAD

A Michael Curtiz Production (Warner Bros. release) with Joan Crawford, Zachary Scott, Sydney Greenstreet and David Brian.

Flamingo Road presents the same star, co-star, director and producer who three years ago made *Mildred Pierce*, which captured an Academy Oscar for Miss



Joan Crawford, center, adds to her laurels as the star of *Flamingo Road*

Crawford. As a carnival girl who spans the distance from poverty road to rich *Flamingo Road* against a background of corrupt politics and frustrated love, Miss Crawford turns out a mature acting job which, along with Jane Wyman in *Johnny Belinda* and Olivia de Havilland in *The Snake Pit*, may well prove the outstanding dramatic roles of recent years for feminine stars. Sydney Greenstreet as the corrupt politician is perfect. Especially good are three scenes in which he is slapped by Miss Crawford, when he in turn throws a telephone at her, and when the two grapple for possession of a gun. But the most marvelous thing about this picture is that a movie unknown, ex-GI David Brian, is the leading man and, next to Greenstreet, does the best male acting. Just as *The Search* put Montgomery Cliff among the stars, so *Flamingo Road* establishes David Brian in an industry that sorely needs new faces. Gladys George too deserves credit for an unusually good supporting role as the mistress of a roadhouse where the political gang meets. This is an adult picture.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT

A Paramount picture in Technicolor with Bing Crosby, Rhonda Fleming, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Murvyn Vye, Virginia Field and William Bendix.

This is the third time this Mark Twain story has been filmed. In 1921 as a silent movie it starred the late Harry Myers and

was nothing to shout about. Ten years ago in sound with the late beloved Will Rogers it proved to be one of the best pictures of the era. A world forgot its troubles and laughed. With that Rogers performance still in the minds of the public, Paramount is brave to try it again, even with Crosby, Technicolor and a few Burke and Van Heusen tunes to give this version a musical comedy touch which Mark Twain never anticipated. Nevertheless we've come to expect fine acting and fine singing from Bing and we get both in this. The basso profundo of Vye and the comedy of Bendix are good. Even Sir Cedric, so used to pompous roles, unbends and creates laughs. To make comparisons with the Will Rogers version just doesn't make sense. The two pictures differ, but you'll like Bing's version.

BALTIMORE ESCAPEDE

An R-K-O picture with Robert Young, Shirley Temple, John Agar and Josephine Hutchinson.

This is a story based upon the innocent antics of a young girl (Shirley Temple) in a staid community (Baltimore in 1905) which tend to keep her minister father (Robert Young) in hot water and her boy friend (John Agar) in a dither. The picture marks the coming-of-age of Agar as an actor. The former GI of the Army Air Corps who jumped into the limelight when he married Shirley, and who had no acting experience, made his first appearance in *Fort Apache* playing opposite his real-life wife. It wasn't so good. In



The clergyman is Robert Young, the girl is Shirley Temple, the setting Baltimore

Baltimore Escapade, however, he seems to be getting the feel of the camera. Robert Young here parallels a move made by Bing Crosby — jumping from romantic roles into that of a minister. Crosby won an Academy Award for that switchover, in *Going My Way*. And it can be said that Young, in *Baltimore Escapade*, does the best acting of his career.

(Continued from page 43)

The Army sent Fred to two schools where he was taught mechanics. He became a staff sergeant before the war and sewed on his master sergeant's stripes just before he went overseas.

He kept the tanks running for his battalion while American forces retook Guam. From Guam he went to Leyte and helped rout the Japs from the Philippines. His outfit was scheduled for a rest after Leyte was secure. But instead of getting the rest, it sailed directly from the Philippines to Okinawa.

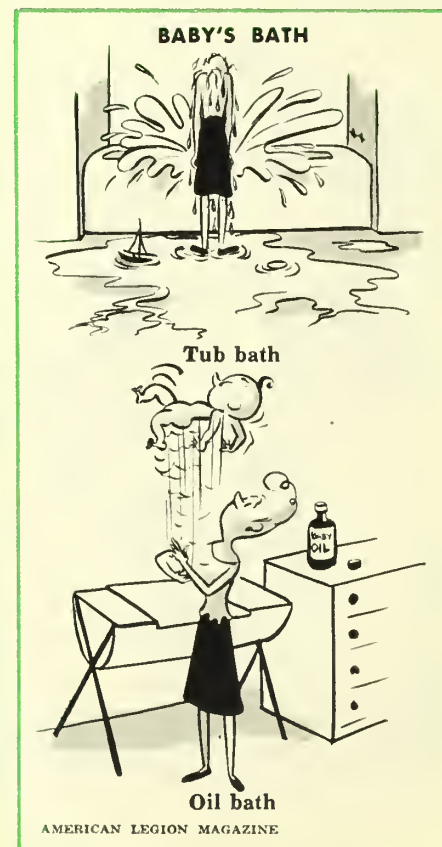
Only a few more days were needed to clear the Japs out of Okinawa when that mine ended the war for Fred and sent him to Percy Jones Hospital. That hospital never received a better patient than Fred. He amazed doctors and nurses by smiling when both his legs were off half way between his knees and hips. His right arm was off just below the elbow. His left arm was off near the shoulder and what was left of it was paralyzed for several months.

One need be around Fred only a few minutes today to learn why he lived in that condition. He is master of any situation which may come up. And he will not give up without a fight. But greatest of all, he has Jewell. She is with him constantly and when he calls she drops everything and comes running.

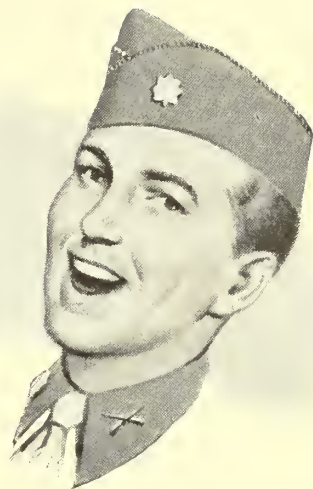
Fred improved far beyond the expectations of doctors at Percy Jones Hospital. After a few months he was able to go home at night to the apartment Jewell had prepared for him in Battle Creek.

He learned to use one steel hand the Army gave him. He found that he could eat, shave himself with an electric razor and even write with the "gimmick."

His performance with that one artificial
(Continued on page 46)



"You'll Get Your Promotion this Side of the Ocean"



In the ***NEW National Guard***

With the rhyme, there's reason, too, why you'll get your promotion.

1. Every National Guard officer fills a Table of Organization assignment.
2. A year's service in a T/O assignment in a grade higher than that held by an officer qualifies him for promotion.
3. He can also qualify for promotion by serving the following minimum times in grade:

Second Lieutenant	2 years
First Lieutenant.	3 years
Captain	5 years
Major.	3 years
Lieutenant Colonel	4 years

All Reserve, active duty and National Guard service may be credited toward these requirements.

See the National Guard Commander in your community, or write the Adjutant General at the capital city of your State.



Plan Your Promotion Today!

On Army Day, April 6, the National Guard salutes its fellow member on the team for security.

AMAZING NEW

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Nothing like it! Only 21" overall, yet **STUBCASTER'S** patented coil spring gives thrilling, live 5 ft. action. Breaks down to 14", so fits any tackle box. Shortened orc means greater casting accuracy, maximum distance. Reduces backlash! Cast 3 or 4 in a boat without tangling lines! Brings fish right to net—fewer losses. Especially adapted to pier-fishing or trolling. Perfect supplement to any fisherman's equipment.

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Money back guarantee! If dealer can't supply, send check or money order to

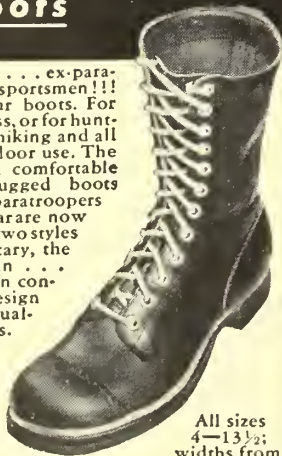
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NEW! LONGCASTER...conventional type, high quality, solid steel, casting rod blade—42" long. Sensitive tip action! Fits all **STUBCASTER** handles—only \$4.95. Blade and handle (52")—\$7.95.

HERE ARE THE ORIGINAL Paratroop Boots

Paratroopers... ex-paratroopers... sportsmen!!! Here are your boots. For duty, for dress, or for hunting, fishing, hiking and all kinds of outdoor use. The famous soft, comfortable and very rugged boots worn by paratroopers during the war are now available in two styles... one military, the other, civilian... both similar in construction, design and high quality standards.



ONLY
\$11.87
Plus
Postage
Postage only is C.O.D.

All sizes
4—13½;
widths from
AA—EEE.

PRICE SUBJECT TO CHANGE
WITHOUT NOTICE

Not Government Surplus Stock

Paratroop Jump Boots

The same boots worn by Paratroopers during war. Comes in tan elk finish.

Paratroop Hunting Boots

Same features as Paratroop Jump Boots, only made in heavy-oiled waterproof elk finish.

CORCORAN INC., STOUGHTON, MASS.

Send pair of Paratroop Jump Boots.....

Hunting Boots.....

Enclosed find check.....or money order....., for \$11.87. I will pay postage C.O.D.

Name.....

Address.....

Regular shoe size and width.....

AL4

(Continued from page 44)

arm amazed those who saw him use it. His left arm was practically useless and remains that way today, although the shoulder is no longer paralyzed. He can use the left arm to pull with and for a balance. But when it comes to bending that man-made elbow it is another matter. You've got to have elbows as well as knees.

At Battle Creek Fred learned that he could still drive a car. This required that the car have special attachments. But Fred got these as a gift along with a new Mercury from the Ford Motor Company. He passed the driver's test with flying colors.

The hospital was proud of his progress and invited reporters to interview him. Asked what he planned to do when he left the hospital, Fred said he believed he'd raise chickens.

People who read the story in the papers opened their hearts and their pocketbooks. More than \$40,000 poured in from well-wishers who wanted to help Fred get started on the chicken farm.

Then one day Fred decided it was time to select that farm and have it in readiness. He obtained a furlough and he and Jewell drove South. He wanted to settle in a warm climate. Cold weather caused his wounds to hurt.

He and Jewell stopped in Birmingham and made their wants known. The ideal farm was waiting for them 14 miles out from Birmingham, near the little town of Pinson. Fred loved the farm so well he found himself standing alone for the first time on his artificial legs which he was diligently trying to wear. He closed the deal for the 143-acre farm just as quickly as the title could be cleared.

Back in Battle Creek Fred became restless. Doctors argued that he should stay in the hospital six months longer. But Fred wouldn't be convinced. He obtained his discharge from the Army and left the hospital.

He and Jewell drove back to Alabama.

They arrived at the Pinson farm unheralded. Fred had grown tired of being a goldfish and of the sight of photographers' flash bulbs. He and Jewell slipped away from the hospital so secretly that newspapers didn't find it out for several weeks.

With them to Alabama came Jewell's brother, Glenn Carty, who had just been discharged from the Army, and Fred's old Army buddy, Frank Veihl. Fred needed help on the farm and he wanted to be sure he got men who had served in the Army. He wanted men who could talk his language.

Fred began farm life as he had known it in his youth. He got up at 5 o'clock in the morning. He and Frank and Glenn were in the fields before the sun rose. It was May, 1946, and too late for much Spring planting. But Fred planted corn and Irish potatoes and harvested the hay which came with the farm.

Along with the hay in the field, Fred also received with the purchase of the farm a quantity of baled hay, some corn and 28 head of cattle, including several milch cows.


Fred decided quickly that he couldn't do much on the farm with his artificial legs. They didn't fit. And when he wore them they were in his way. They were just excess weight to be lifted when Glenn and Frank helped him into a truck to go to the fields.

The VA supplied Fred with a light tractor which he could operate by wearing his legs. He could use the tractor to pull a mowing machine, but he was unable to use it for plowing. There was no way he could lift the heavy discs.

He mowed 17 acres of hay with the tractor and then made a discovery. He found that he could drive the truck without his legs. So he hooked a hay rake behind the truck, left the truck in low or second gear and raked up the 17 acres of hay.

(Continued on page 48)





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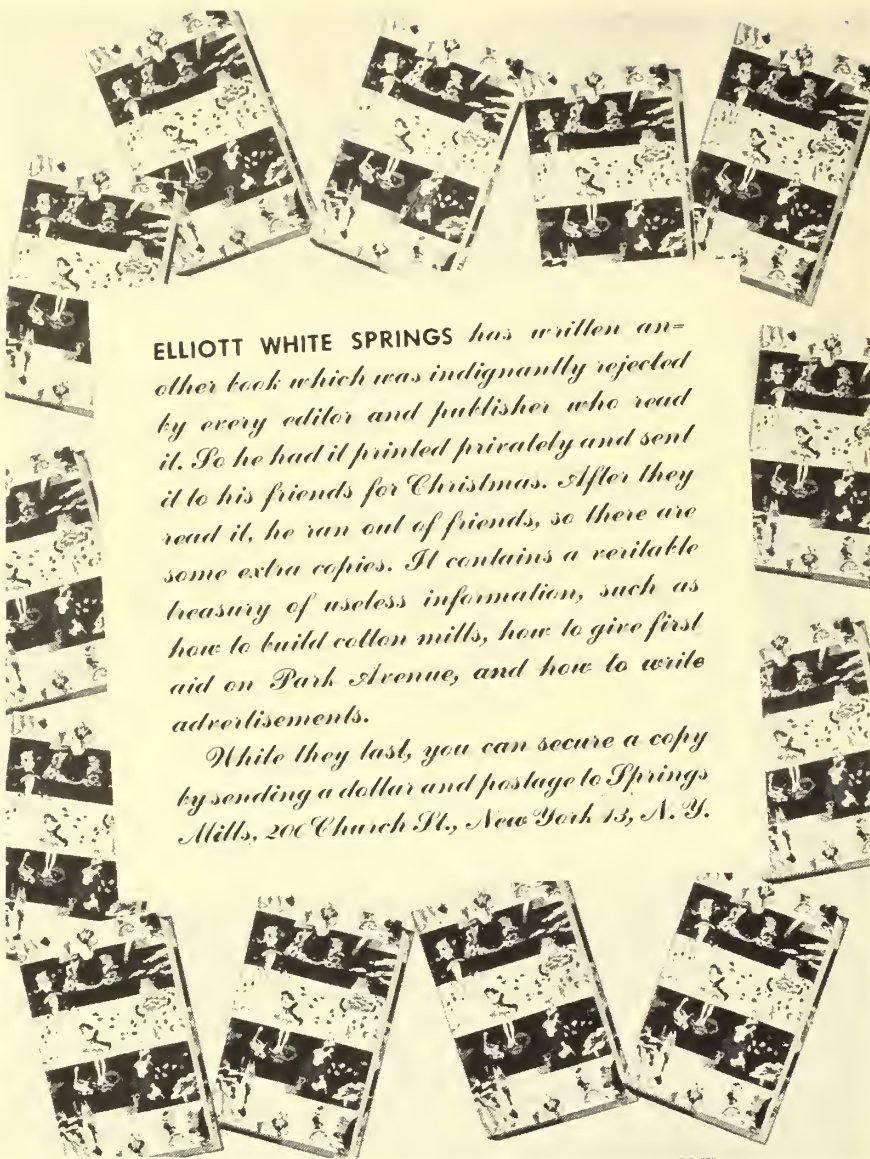
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 BACHARACH RASIN CO.
 Dept. 50, 14 N. Howard St., Baltimore 1, Md.

(Continued from page 46)

He stored away the cumbersome legs that didn't fit. And they have remained in storage most of the time during the more than two years and six months Fred has been farming.

Reporters visited Fred the latter part of June, 1946. He wasn't eager to see them, but he was cordial. He would talk of nothing but the farm and farming and he made it clear that a farmer is a busy man.

Careful workmanship and the love for the job one is doing were evident all around the place. The five-room house wore a new coat of white paint. Wooden

WALLY



(From the May, 1940 A.L.M.)

ramps ran from the front and back porches to enable Fred to take his wheelchair in and out of the house.

Fred was directing work from his wheelchair. Alongside him at all times was Dick, his pure-bred Springer Spaniel. The dog was a gift, sent by air to Fred from Eagle River, Wisconsin. John R. Fishdick sent the dog and Fred named it Capt. Dick Fishdick.

In the summer Fred began cutting logs from the timber on his land and taking them to the mill for lumber to build houses for the chickens he intended to raise. Glenn and Frank cut the trees and sawed them into logs while Fred remained in the truck or in his wheelchair.

Frank soon grew tired of farming. His love for the Army overcame him and he re-enlisted with Fred's blessing. Fred hired neighbors to help with the building and the chicken farm began to take shape.

But from the first Fred wasn't too enthusiastic about raising chickens. He wanted to be a big farmer and cultivate large acreage. He rented 65 acres from a neighbor and spread out.

At the same time he tried raising chickens. But the task proved unpleasant. Chickens died by the dozens and those that lived required constant care. So Fred dropped the chicken project and put all his thoughts to dirt farming and cattle-raising. He converted the chicken houses into stalls for his cattle.

His main project today is the raising of calves for milch cows. He has 42 pure-bred Holsteins and 25 Guernseys and Jerseys. Also in the herd are a few bulls. Fred slaughters one of these occasionally and places it in deep freeze to supply beef for himself and others on the farm.

Last spring Fred decided he was entitled to still more comforts than the farm home afforded him. The farm house is heated by gas, and that winter there was a shortage. The house also is in a valley and the air surrounding it is sultry in summer.

On a trip into Birmingham, Fred saw a house on a hill that appealed to him. He inquired, found it was for sale and bought it. It is a large brick home, sitting among the trees. Its location makes it cool in summer. In winter it is heated by a furnace which is kept going by an automatic stoker.

Meanwhile, Fred disposed of his sedan and bought a jeep. He had driven a jeep in the Army and he knew they'd go almost anywhere. From his new home, he and Jewell travel in the jeep to the farm daily.

The jeep proved to be an ideal choice. Fred can handle it easier than any vehicle he has driven since losing his limbs. He needs no artificial legs to operate it.

He used it last fall to pull the planter for sowing hay and to pull the mower and rake for harvesting the hay that was ready in late summer. He also uses it to ride herd in his pastures and for any trips about the farm.

He demonstrated how easily it is for him to drive the jeep. To operate the clutch he used a piece of half-inch pipe with an elbow and a 6-inch-long piece of pipe screwed into the elbow, giving it a handle like a walking cane. He placed the handle under his left armpit and the other end of the pipe on the clutch.

He started the motor with his right "hand," pressed the pipe with his left shoulder, put the jeep in low and got under way. He drove as easily as one with legs.

But Fred drives the jeep only on the farm. Jewell is at the wheel at all other times. She and Fred get into the elevator, which has recently been installed in their new home, drop to the basement garage early in the morning and go to the farm.

The elevator was Fred's idea. He can operate it from the main floor to the upstairs rooms or to the basement to reach the jeep or the furnace. He can also reach the yard by taking the elevator to the basement.

Most of his traveling to and from his yard is done on ramps he had built at the new home. He takes a great interest in his flowers and shrubbery. And he likes to watch the squirrels which come out of the trees and hunt hickory nuts all around him.

Woe be unto the fellow who shoots one of these squirrels. Some have done it. But Fred is watching. Squirrels in the woods on the Pinson farm are another matter. Fred, like all other Southern farmers, likes to go into the woods and hunt squirrels.

Men who can sit under the trees and spot a squirrel are rare. Fred has that ability and he likes to sit alone in the woods and watch for them. When he spots one, he shoots it. That is the reason he received the letter from the woman asking him not to kill the little squirrels.

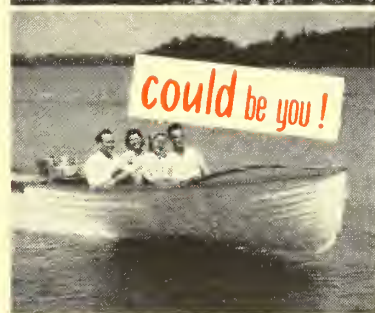
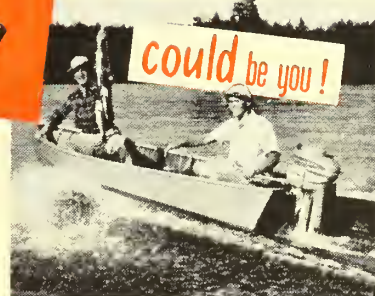
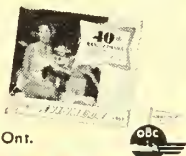
When he's going hunting he and Jewell get up early. Jewell takes him to the



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Heads up, alert, they stride—many of them your old Army buddies—all of them following promising and productive careers as *professional* soldiers.

This Army Day, they march as part of a greater

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As part of this team, they have unequalled opportunities to better their position in life, to serve their country well.

You'll feel a glow of pride watching them on parade, this April Sixth. Pride—and perhaps a longing to be back in, back where you felt *you belonged*.

ARMY DAY

APRIL 6

woods before daybreak and leaves him in his wheelchair. He scans the trees till a squirrel appears and then he lets go with his automatic shotgun. The squirrel invariably falls. Fred says there is no escape for these little animals when he is sitting under a tree with his 16 gauge automatic shotgun.

While Fred hunts, Jewell does the housework or visits with her sister at the farm. After a while she returns to the woods, picks up the squirrels Fred has killed and they drive together to the farm.

Fred's desire to hunt brought out another phase of his mechanical ingenuity. His shotgun was like all others and useless to him until he had an idea. He drew the plans and others on the farm performed the manual work to make the gun so Fred could shoot it.

This home-made firing mechanism consists of a spring connected by wires to the trigger at one end and to a spoon-shaped lever on the stock. The lever fits alongside Fred's jaw when he is sighting the weapon. To shoot it he merely twists his jaw a little to the right.

Fred also has revived another boyhood pleasure. He has acquired some hounds and he and his farm helpers go 'possum hunting. They haven't had much luck hunting 'possums, but Fred enjoys sitting in the woods at night and listening to the hounds.

How has Fred succeeded during his two and a half years as a farmer? Seth R. Lowe, his VA training officer, under whom Fred is taking institutional on-the-farm training, says he is doing well. Last year he raised 5,000 bales of alfalfa hay, 1,300 bushels of oats, some corn and enough vegetables for home use. He sells some of the hay, but most of the feed he raises goes to the cattle.

Lowe and other VA officials say that Fred is doing exceptionally well from a rehabilitation standpoint. His training under Public Law 16 is not intended for him to perform a day's manual labor on the farm. He is being trained as a farm manager. This involves supervision of work and handling accounts.

Fred's home life appears to be ideal. He and Jewell go to the movies quite often. When they are at home in the evenings, Fred amuses himself and his 5-year-old nephew, Jimmy Wayne Walters, by telling the child stories.

Jimmy and Fred are buddies and are as much like father and son as if they were. Jimmy began staying with the Hensels during the summer. But it now appears that he will become a permanent member of the family.

Fred Hensel appears to be as happy as any ordinary man. He eats what he pleases, but he doesn't eat a great deal. Despite his light eating, he has gained a great deal of weight.

He doesn't smoke nor does he drink coffee. He has never smoked. He drank coffee until he was wounded, but hasn't liked it since. He thinks some treatment he received may have spoiled his taste for coffee.

Asked how he thinks he is faring in the world, Fred replied: "All I have to do is look around and I can find a guy worse off than I am."

THE END

(Continued from page 8)
affidavit." I have been a union member in good standing in my local for a good many years and have held offices from vice president on down to trustee. I hold office as trustee right now. As you know, all officers of unions must sign a non-communist affidavit. If a person is a true American regardless of his race or creed, I see no reason why he should refuse to sign that affidavit. All officers in our local union signed theirs and there was no squawk made when we signed them. If Mr. Stoner had been a little plainer in his first letter he would have saved himself a lot of trouble.

Glen Crawford
Richmond, Indiana

Newspapers are carrying reports that the President took the Oath to support the Constitution of the United States, which carries with it the declaration that he will oppose any effort to destroy this country or its government by force or any other means which are unconstitutional. Any person who makes application for Citizenship in this country takes an oath that he will be loyal to this country and not take up arms against it. Why should anyone who is a citizen of this country object to a declaration or oath that he will be loyal and not attempt to destroy it by force or illegal acts? If any person holds a position which makes his actions more impressive and influential he should be glad to declare his loyalty. . . .

I do not question either the integrity or loyalty of Mr. Stoner, but I think he was very unwise.

E. H. Johnson
Peabody, Kansas

▼ This is the final comment on the letter which Melvin Stoner had in our December issue, causing a flood of letters concerning the anti-communist affidavit, required by the Taft-Hartley Law. As these words are written Congress is holding hearings on this law. The opinion was expressed by the Editors that nobody need hesitate to sign the statement in question. See page 61 of our February issue for the affidavit George Washington signed promising to do his utmost to defend the United States against the power of George III and the British forces—nearly three years after he had taken command of the armies of the new nation. *Editors*

THE NUMBER OF VETERANS

Could you give me the number of men in all services during World War II, from 1941 to 1946? I would like to know.

Wm. M. Reehl, Jr.
West Bridgewater, Pa.

▼ According to the U. S. Government, 15,149,117 men and women enrolled for service in World War Two. The Veterans Administration's figures for late 1948 show that the living veterans of WW2 numbered 15,024,000, while veterans of all earlier wars totaled 3,825,000. The WW2 figures look high in view of the casualties suffered by U. S. forces, but the discrepancy is doubtless due to the fact that Sept. 2, 1945, the day of the surrender of the Japanese on the Missouri, did not see the formal end of the war.
Editors

A Toast to you with *The Champagne of Bottle Beer*



Burning the Mortgage — a memorable event in the typical American home. The toast — with MILLER HIGH LIFE, of course.



Hold up *your* tall glass of clear, sparkling MILLER HIGH LIFE.

Watch those cheerful, effervescent bubbles rise to the top. Test that inviting bouquet. Now drink . . . and enjoy the flavor of a *truly fine* beer. Drink your toast with the Champagne of Bottle Beer, MILLER HIGH LIFE. Brewed and bottled only by the MILLER BREWING COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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The American Legion Magazine • April, 1949 • 51



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THE RICHARDSON FOR NEW Sportsman, Jr. 1949

ANOTHER GLOWING ACHIEVEMENT by RICHARDSON



TODAY'S OUTSTANDING TRAILER VALUE
RICHARDSON TRAILER MFG. CO., INC.
ELKHART 10, INDIANA



MASS-PRODUCED MINNOWS

Navy veteran George L. King found his windfall in minnows.

It's no two-bit business either. He has sold as many as a million little Golden Shiners and Black Heads in one year at \$15.00 per thousand. The resulting \$15,000 is no small bait.

A native of the Missouri Ozarks, King entered the Navy in 1907 and finally came out in 1944 as a Chief Commissary Steward. Some years before, looking toward the day of retirement, he had purchased, sight unseen, a farm near Camdenton, Missouri.

He intended to farm. But Bagnell Dam was built and all at once King found the big Lake of the Ozarks lapping at his front yard. The lake abounded in fish and the sportsmen from St. Louis and Kansas City swarmed in for the catch.

"Why don't you raise minnows for bait?" some of them asked.

King is not a man to kick around a good idea. So he bought 50,000 minnows for \$225.00, turned them loose in an old water-filled rock quarry.

Sales were good. So King dug twelve ponds just behind his house. An artesian spring keeps them filled with clean cool water. He bought another 50,000 minnows. They filled the twelve ponds and keep them filled, for King says one minnow spawns from 36,000 to 50,000 eggs a year of which 15 percent will hatch. So he can now take out a million for the market and next year there'll be another million to take their place.

Even King has been overwhelmed with the results. "There's no work in it," he says. "Weather is no hazard. You feed them only twice a week from March through November. They won't eat during the winter. Keep up the pond banks so silt won't overflow, and then sit back."

The cost? "I dug the ponds myself with a team of horses and a scraper. A few traps cost less than \$50.00. My feed bill for a year is only \$22.50. I buy a fish meal made of meat and cereal for \$2.50 per 100 pounds and that much will take care of all twelve ponds for a month. No feed is required in December, January and February. Water is free." King doesn't deliver and so no storage tanks or trucks are necessary. He sells wholesale and so doesn't have much competition.

When a customer comes, King merely puts some rolled oats or stale bread in a 4-foot square wire trap, lowers it into a pond, and in a minute the trap is full of minnows. He raises the trap, dumps the minnows into a bucket, lowers the trap again (no rebaiting is necessary) and this goes on until he has his order filled. With-



in a matter of minutes he can have 5,000 ready to go. One trap is always kept full for the customer who wants a few in a hurry.

"It's an ideal business for a disabled veteran," King volunteers. "The work is light and the returns are good. But it is important," he adds, "that the minnow farm be near a ready market."

King's farm is 160 acres. But with the minnow business so good, he couldn't be bothered about the tilling of soil. He therefore retained only enough ground for his ponds, a garden and a pasture for his one cow, one horse and a few chickens. The rest he rents to a dairy company for the grazing of cows.

Veteran King is an officer of American Legion Post No. 193 at Camdenton, Mo., and Mrs. King is chaplain of the Post's Auxiliary.

By A. G. MONTGOMERY

STILL A DOUGHBOY

When R. J. (Jerry) Adams, former GI baker with the quartermaster corps went home to Eugene, Oregon, he took up where he left off in his Market Bakery there. But Jerry found times had changed while he was overseas. Somebody had come up with frozen mixes ready to be poured into a baking pan and the corner grocery was suddenly in competition with his bakery.

At first Jerry had the idea of going into frozen mixes as a sideline in the bakery. Then late in 1947 he dreamed up a better idea. Why not make pies, sugar-bottom cinnamon rolls, dinner rolls and biscuits just as though he planned to bake them? Only instead of baking them he put them in metal rimmed heavy cardboard containers in which they could be baked without removing and put them out for sale in a cold storage display case to keep them retarded. His first Ready-to-Bake items, as he called them, went on sale just before Christmas, 1947.

Housewives went for the idea of being able to take home ready-to-bake pie or rolls which they could snap out of the oven piping hot without fuss and muss.

It works out neatly for Jerry too. He has a chance at selling his products twice. The retarded bakery products can be kept in the cold display case at 36 degrees F. for twenty-four hours and if they haven't sold when the new batch comes in Jerry just whisks them out and bakes them to sell with his other bakery goods.

It has proven a business builder for Jerry's small bakery and sales are up about 60 per cent. Jerry has found that much of his increased business comes from guests of delighted hostesses who boast of the new baking convenience.

By JOHN L. PARKER

HOW TO PLAY A FISH

(Continued from page 19)

or nearly closed mouth. When he is dragged through the water with it pouring into his gullet, he cannot breathe. Stream fishermen often put this knowledge to work by holding their quarry in a heavy current until it drowns the fish.

Obviously, this hauling business isn't going to work all the time. Vigorous salt-water species—bluefish and snook, for example—just won't submit to this indignity. And in fresh water trout and salmon, in particular, resist violently. However, the system is handy to have tucked away. It is most effective in still water, less so the faster the current.

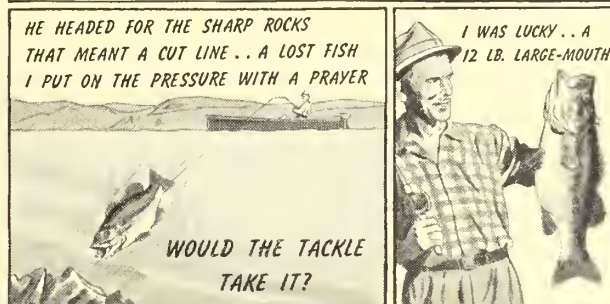
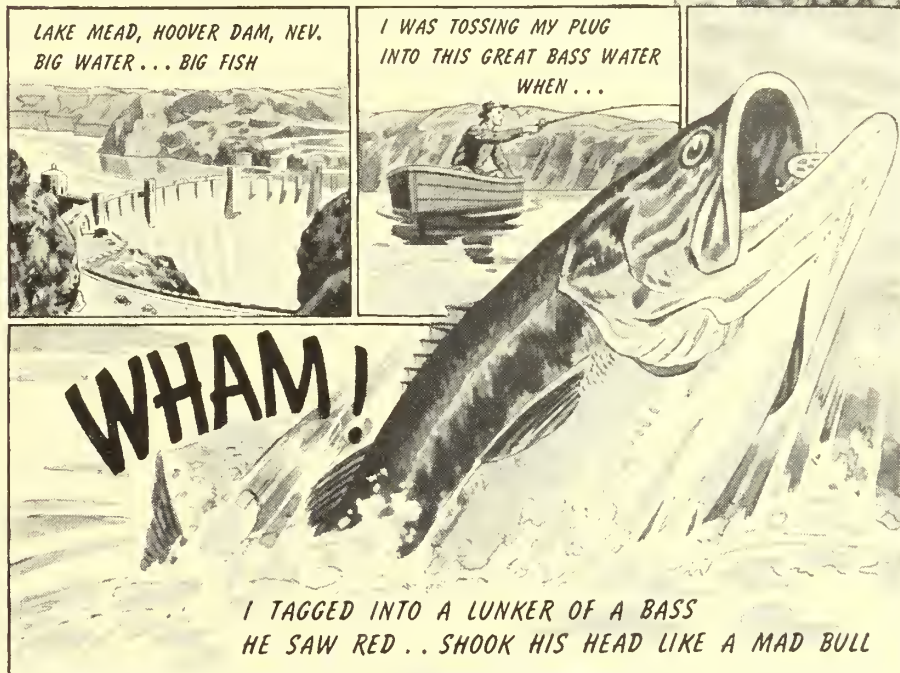
So much for getting in the first punch. If this idea doesn't suit the angler, then the opening gambit is up to the fish and for this there is one sure-fire defense—the rod is held so that its resilient power is instantly available, and the line is kept taut. Roughly, this means that the rod is not pointed at the fish, but 45 to 90 degrees away from it. That way, sudden moves will be absorbed by the foil in the man's hand and from the start he has that feeling of dueling with his opponent.

Anything can happen after the fish is hooked, but let's suppose he chooses to run. It is a sound idea to let him run as far as is convenient for the angler, who then stops him if he can. Frequently, if the fisherman weathers this first sprint, he will have tempered the fish's best effort.

It is in this initial stage that a large percentage of fish are lost from mishandling. A bass—at least one species is found in every state—of three pounds or so wants to run thirty yards, say, but his would-be captor panics and suddenly clamps down. If the bass has attained full speed and if the rod is pointed at him, as so often happens in these tense moments, a sudden stoppage of most casting lines will make them snap like thread.

TACKLING the TACKLE BUSTERS

WITH JASON LUCAS Jason Lucas, angling editor of Sports Afield Magazine, has been called "the country's greatest fresh water fisherman—the man who fishes 8 hours a day, 365 days a year." On his time off, he wrote "Lucas on Bass Fishing"—America's No. 1 book on catching bass.



SURE JAY WAS LUCKY MOST FISHERMEN HAVE TO BE TO HOOK 'EM AND LAND 'EM BUT LUCK AND H-I TACKLE ARE AN UNBEATABLE COMBINATION

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TUBULAR Steel Bait Casting Rod—Feather-light shaft for lithe, live action. One-piece alloy steel "step-down" construction. Double offset cork grip. Locking reel seat. Silk wound chrome guides. New finish. Lengths: 5' and 5½'.



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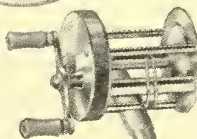
THE RAINBOW (Super Temper brand)

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"Hey, mom—have I got a clean sweat-shirt? I'm takin' Beverly to the dance tonight."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

The actual dead weight of the fish in the water is comparatively slight, but his speeding force can be considerable.

The most power I ever felt in a fish belonged to an Atlantic salmon of about ten pounds that I hooked in the Narraguagus River in Maine. He took the fly on my first cast and promptly headed for the ocean, which was within smelling distance. I held the powerful rod vertically, with the butt resting on my forearm, while the fish bolted downstream, pulling out

line against the click of the reel—a sane, proper procedure. I couldn't run after the salmon as I was perched on a slippery rock in fast water. So I watched him take out the 40-yard fly line, then the whole backing line of 75 yards. When this was gone, he leveled the rod and broke the leader.

It happens sometimes. Steelhead trout can be counted on to dash downstream when hooked. All that can be done with these brutes is to hold the rod high while they go rip-roaring. The angler doesn't

stop them in a hurry—he makes them work hard. It's the same in salt water. To attempt to halt a rushing bonefish or sailfish is to court a broken line or a smashed rod tip. The best fish are lost this way.

The species just mentioned are extreme examples of the headlong-rush type. Other kinds are not so violent. They stop themselves or are stopped easily.

The way to do this with a bait-casting rig is by bearing down on the reel's spool with the thumb, gradually at first, then with increasing pressure. It is not wise to try to grab the flying handle. And it is pointless to throw on the click.

Spinning and fly-rod reels are in a different class. Here a delicate line or leader will probably be in use and for this reason it is wise to play the fish mostly by reel tension, which can usually be regulated, and with the full spring of the rod to take up sudden shocks. Only to prevent a catastrophe does the knowing angler try halting the line with his fingers during a sizzling run.

In the case of salt-water reels, the star drag which is pre-set below the line's known breaking strength does the job.

After man and fish have sweated out this first maneuver, the real mischief is likely to begin. Most game fish prefer to leap out of the water at this point and kid-glove handling will be in order. Further, the majority of them, in salt water and

WALLY

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(From the April, 1933 A.L.M.)

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fresh, are not content to make a simple, clean jump in the sunlight; they have to come out with violent head shakings.

This can achieve "throwing" the hook in one of two interesting ways. If the lure is on a slack line, the bait can be shaken rapidly so that it actually flaps, dislodging the hook or hooks. It is nothing for a smallmouth bass to toss a plug four or five feet in this manner, or for a huge blue marlin to fling away the bait. When the lure is being pulled by a tight line, the fish often rips free with a head jolt or two, directed away from the tight line. Sometimes the hook simply falls out.

The best defense against this nastiness is constant light pressure on the line, a pressure that is neither too strong nor too weak, but is just so. With a spinning outfit this calls for a modest rod arc, letting the slipping-clutch of the reel absorb sudden jolts. But light, sensitive thumbing is needed on a bait-casting reel. Here the expert keeps his hands relaxed but alert, ever ready to ease sudden pressure.

The ideal tension is just strong enough to prevent the lure from shaking like a leaf in the wind, yet weak enough so the hooks won't be yanked out, or fall out. Happily, this "feel" comes with practice.

The problem isn't so serious with a fly rod because much lighter lures are used and the rod, being the most flexible type, makes it easier to regulate the strain on the line. There are times when the fisherman uses reel tension and when he lets the line be pulled through his fingers during a jumping foray. Both ways are OK. Large jumping fish have an unpleasant habit of contriving to fall on the line or leader broadside, often with ruinous results. This maneuver can usually be thwarted by lowering the rod quickly as the fish returns to the water. The sudden easing of tension is only a momentary one.

Other jumpers—trout, salmon, grayling, shad and some salt-water species—rarely resort to much devilry during a jump. They'll open their mouths and champ on a man's offering, but that seems to be about all. But it sometimes gets them off.

There's a defense against most kinds of fighting, jumping fish included. One is to prevent the fish from jumping in the first place by applying pressure as he gets set to jump. This works often enough with bass and the pikes (and sometimes with trout and salmon) to rate a try whenever the angler doesn't want to take a chance.

(Continued on page 56)

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(Continued from page 55)

It is usually possible to tell when the former species are going to jump by the sudden easing of the line. At this point the fish seems to gather himself for the effort. A sensitive angler can spot this slight slackening nearly every time and parry with just enough pressure to convert the leap into an abortive swirl.

With the others, this momentary pause

is much harder to detect and sometimes there is none at all. However, trout and salmon are apt to be high, clean jumpers and these can be dealt with differently. When the fish is near or at the top of his leap, the angler pulls a little with his rod. The effect is to throw the jumper off balance so he'll strike the water with a whack, instead of headfirst.

Perhaps the effect is to stop or shock

the fish, so to speak. At any rate, treatment like this often stops jumping.

I put this tactic to work a couple of springs ago on Pierce Pond, Maine. John McLain and I had paddled clear to the upper end. It was raining; we were hungry. When at last I did hook a vigorous landlocked salmon, I crowded him. At the sting of the hook, he came out a good four feet. Next time, I pulled him and he smacked the surface like a plank.

One more dose of this cured him. And one more jump might have freed him, for the hook fell out as McLain netted the fish. This trick can often be used successfully on head-shakers, but it is risky.

Well, the fish has made a run, and jumped — what next? Weeds, probably, if there are any around. If the angler cannot keep his prize out of them, he would do well to humor the fish, for when it is handled gently in weeds, a skilled fisherman can often make a fool of his quarry.

We have all heard of men "tickling" trout, among the wildest of fish. In practice, the trout is approached under a bank or rock with the tickler's outstretched fingers. Slowly, carefully, never slacking the line, the man locates the fish which permits himself to be crowded against the bank or rock and trapped in the man's hands. Similarly, a fish hanging in one place in the current will usually submit to being nudged and pushed gently by a rod tip.

Now then, let's suppose a bass rams himself into a wall of leafy weeds. Chances are he will feel much safer right away. Fish learn to trust the sanctuary of weeds when they are mere mites and apparently never abandon this trust. As soon as he can, the angler halts the fish,

IMP-ULSES

By Ponce de Leon



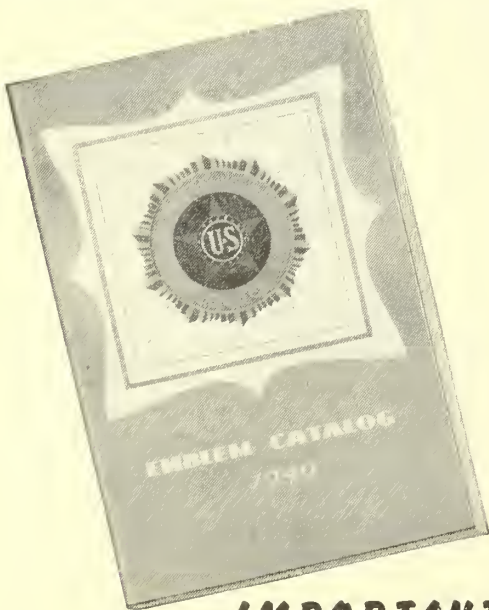
AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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then maintains only a light contact pressure. With nothing pulling on him, the bass will come to believe he is free and will soon start to disengage himself.

When this happens, the angler feels these stealthy movements and starts to pull, gently but firmly. Then, when he is sure the fish is coming well, he drags the surprised bass to hell out of there.

Of course, the method isn't always sure-fire. But coddling and letting fish feel safe does provide a worth-while basis of operations in weedy waters. I once had a big pickerel weave a merry pattern through eight yards or so of lily stems, and then wrestle himself into a frenzy in a small pothole. When he'd calmed down, I started to ease him back into the weeds.

Both of us were surprised a long couple of minutes later. The pickerel reappeared in open water, still on. A hook from the spoon should have caught a weed somewhere, but, probably because of the snail's-pace retrieve, I was lucky.

Sometimes, when using a lure with a couple of dangling hooks, an unorthodox but risky move can turn weeds into an ally and end a battle quickly. Say that a fish is struggling among tough-stalked weeds a long way from open water (the fish may have been hooked in a tiny open spot). A strong yank on the rod will probably impale a hook in a tough stem, anchoring the fish. If the fish hasn't escaped, he probably will be all tuckered out by the time his captor gets there. So much for weeds.

After a man has brought his quarry through these Perils of Pauline, there is not much else the fish can attempt. He may try to reach the bottom, called sounding or boring. The line pays out straight down and the medicine for this is to make the fish work against the full play of the rod. At this stage of the game the effort must be firm but not irresistible. Always the strength-sapping power of the rod is a foil between the fish and freedom.

If line has to be given a sounding fish, it is given as sparingly as possible. Usually it is recovered in a pumping motion, most commonly seen in salt-water fishing. The angler lifts as strongly as he dare on the rod, then lowers it quickly, meanwhile reeling swiftly. This puts the rod in position for another pump. So it goes until the fish quits or tries something else.

He may decide to wind the line around the anchor rope, always unpleasant. In this case the anchor rope may be cut, with the hope that it will sink and free itself of the line. Or the rope may be pulled up, on the chance that the surfaced fish can be netted before getting off. In rare cases the fish will free the line himself.

Sometimes the fish dashes under the boat and starts to jump on the other side. To combat this, the angler passes his rod tip around one end of the craft, underwater, so the line won't foul the hull. If there is an anchor rope, it has to be avoided, of course.

Things could still happen on a river. A man is onto a 3-pound rainbow that can break a delicate line if treated crudely. It dashes out of a pool and downstream. The man follows until he comes to a barbed-wire fence with a bull on the

(Continued on page 58)



From where I sit by Joe Marsh

To Dunk or Not To Dunk?

Dunking doughnuts is Sober Hopkins' favorite morning pastime these days . . . and for a long time now Ma Hopkins has been trying hard to break him of the habit. Feels it sets a bad example for the children.

So one morning she puts a real heavy frosting of chocolate on the doughnuts . . . figuring that will stop him. Sober thinks it over for quite a while and then: Dunk! Taste? Smile!! And Sober compliments the missus on the lovely mocha flavor!

I guess there'll always be two schools of thought: to dunk or not to dunk. But from where I sit, it's a matter of personal choice and taste—like some folks prefer beer to cider, ale to beer. And the less we criticize those differences of taste, the better.

In fact, Ma Hopkins got so curious about the flavor of chocolate-covered doughnuts dunked in coffee, that she tried it herself. Now—you've guessed it—she's a daily dunker, too!

Joe Marsh



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(Continued from page 57)

other side. The water is too deep and swift for wading. What to do?

With a little luck, that trout is going to turn and face the angler before he runs out of line. The fisherman may put as much pressure on the fish as the leader will stand. But this is risky as fish too often fight a pull — the rainbow might make another downstream rush. The fish refuses to be coaxed upstream.

If the man had but a short length of line out, he could try drowning the trout in the current until the fish became so weak it could be retrieved in the slack stream-edge water. In this case there is so much line out that the trout can swing on it in the current and breathe easily.

There is only one trick left now. The angler waits until the rainbow has settled down, then starts to ease the strain. Probably the fish will maintain his position in the stream. Now the man pays out line, several yards, if he's got 'em — fast.

When this slack has passed the fish, the line will form a U below him, with the force of the current strong on the line belly. Now the pressure on the trout will be from downstream. A couple of moderate jerks of the rod, translated into pulls from behind the fish, will probably nudge him into swimming toward the angler. Characteristically, the fish fights the pull. As he approaches, the man reels in proportionately.

Another last-ditch habit of stream fish is to rub their heads among rocks on the bottom so as to cut the leader or dislodge the hook. A rod held high in an arc is a good preventive. When overhead branches prevent this, light rod pressure seems best, as this does not provide a tight leader for the fish to saw against rocks.

Occasionally a large fish will wedge himself fast on the bottom, perhaps half under a ledge or log, and no amount of pulling will budge him. In still water, a complete relaxing of pressure will often lull the brute into moving away.

Some hardy souls try wading in, when possible, and kicking the fish. I once booted an Atlantic salmon of about 20 pounds. It fled between my legs, downstream while I faced upstream. Good-bye.

The last stages of the battle are just as important as the first dangerous moments. By now the fish may have a ragged hole in his jaw, with the hook ready to fall out at the slightest excuse. Sometimes the hook is held by the merest shred of gristle. The barb may not be buried at all; just caught lightly on an angle of bone. Thus the seasoned angler humors those last rushes and tries to prevent that last jump.

He lets the fish pull to the last against rod's resilience. The strength of the fish wanes swiftly now and he becomes easily manageable. Weak, swimming on his side, he cannot resist as the man sweeps him up in the net.

THE END

STARS OF THE HOSPITAL CIRCUIT

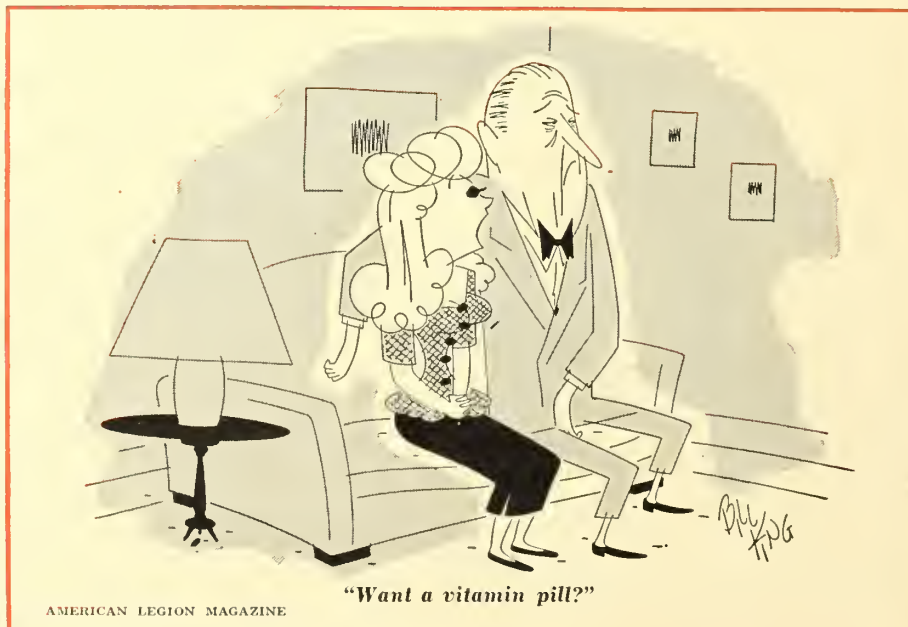
(Continued from page 13)

activity. Now that the peacetime draft has brought USO actively back in the picture, the organization's budget for 1949 allots about \$1,400,000 to the VHCS program—a contribution from the entertainment industry.

Aside from a plain entertainment slant, there is planned purpose in the pattern of shows like "Lucky." Working with veterans Administration medical executives, Camp Shows producers have gradually "isolated" therapeutically effective entertainment ingredients — music, colorful

costumes, dancing, acrobatics, sleight-of-hand — blended for a medical as well as a mental tonic. It is a flexible approach, since obviously any of its component parts can be adjusted to meet specific needs. Dr. Karl Menninger, of Topeka, Kansas, one of America's outstanding psychiatrists, says: "We attempt to adapt the particular acts of the entertainers to the particular therapeutic needs of the patients, using certain parts of the program for one group and other parts for different groups."

(Continued on page 59)



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

One unit, "Film Fun," a revue satirizing hospital life, has a book and score written by veteran patients for a VHCS contest last spring. An adapted version of the stage comedy "Turn to the Right" has patients involved in the local building and painting of sets for many of its performances. Detailed instructions and blueprints are sent in advance of the unit's arrival. Likewise the actors hold play readings in the wards with patients acting out the parts. Lucy Monroe conducts a song contest in each hospital she visits.

Also in line with this approach, although less spectacular than the theatrical project, is VHCS' Hospital Sketching Program, an effective contribution toward combined entertainment and rehabilitation. Professional artists spend a week—sometimes two—in each hospital where they sketch patients and give help to those interested in painting, drawing or cartooning.

The value of celebrities to this kind of planned entertainment is anybody's pick. In wartime some of them did a magnificent job. Others went for the glory and the ride and might better have "stood in bed." However, therapeutically or entertainmentwise, no one disputes the tonic value of a Joe E. Brown or a Ray Bolger—or that of a lot of other unselfish talents who haven't forgotten that the war isn't over inside veteran hospital wards. In any event, it can be recorded that the Hollywood Coordinating Committee and the Screen Actors Guild are committed to VHCS in a supplementary project to be carried on each fall and spring. In a "Take Hollywood to the Hospitals" drive they recruited 55 movie and radio "names" for appearances in medical installations throughout the country. In the last three months of 1948 these celebs are reported to have chalked up a total of 175 visits to 103 hospitals. As long as they've got something sincere and real to offer, it's all fine and it all helps.

But when the chips are down, it's the little people of show business—those who likely won't ever see their names lighting theater marquees—who are doing the all-out efficient job. Nobody asks them for autographs, but they get a higher pay-off—the grin of the guy who knows he isn't forgotten.

THE END

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AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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Four Pages from a Radio Script

Earlier this year a remarkable woman appeared on a "We the People" broadcast, a woman who had previously been honored by The American Legion. Many of our readers may have heard this program, but for the benefit of those who did not we obtained a copy of the script and present it herewith through the courtesy of the sponsor, the Gulf Refining Co. The "Mr. Stassen" mentioned is Legionnaire Harold E. Stassen, former Governor of Minnesota and now President of the University of Pennsylvania. "Dan" is Dan Seymour, the announcer.

DAN . . .

We have another guest tonight, Mr. Stassen, who comes just about as close to being a genuine saint as anybody we have ever heard of. I am sure you will be very happy to meet "the woman with the golden blood" . . . Mrs. Rose McMullin of Philadelphia.

STASSEN . . .

How do you do, Mrs. McMullin.

MRS. McMULLIN . . .

How do you do, Mr. Stassen.

DAN . . .

We asked Mr. Ed Werntz, the editor of the Northeast Herald in Philadelphia,

to tell us what Mrs. McMullin won't tell.

STASSEN . . .

Good evening, Mr. Werntz.

WERNTZ . . .

How do you do, Mr. Stassen. I heard about a woman who was seriously ill with a heart condition. A mother with two foster children in desperate need. And this is her story. Thirteen years ago, a little girl, Rose Marie Bryan, was injured in a Fourth of July accident. In the hospital, they discovered she was a victim of a dread infection. Tell Mr. Stassen about it, Rose Marie.

ROSE MARIE . . .

It was staphylococcus aureus infection. A disease from which no one had ever recovered.

STASSEN . . .

But you recovered, didn't you, Rose Marie?

ROSE MARIE . . .

Yes, my Aunt Rose did it.

WERNTZ . . .

There's only one known cure, Mr. Stassen. Serum from a person who has recovered from the same disease. And nobody had ever been known to re-



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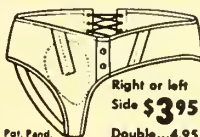
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cover. Mrs. McMullin asked the doctors to infect her with this disease.

ROSE MARIE...

The doctors told her she had only one chance in a thousand to live. But she took the chance. She gave me seventeen blood transfusions and I got well.

STASSEN...

That is the most inspiring thing I have ever heard, Mrs. McMullin.

MRS. McMULLIN...

Thank you, Mr. Stassen.

DAN...

This is not Mrs. McMullin's first appearance on "We the People," Mr. Stassen. She was here last eight years ago. Even at that time she had saved many lives. Remember, Mrs. McMullin?

MRS. McMULLIN...

Yes. I don't like to talk about it, though. It's a God-given thing. And I can't tell you how happy I am to be able to help other people.

WERNTZ...

Mrs. McMullin has given over 500 blood transfusions and she has saved so many lives that she almost lost her own.

STASSEN...

Mr. Werntz, you said you found Mrs. McMullin in distress.

WERNTZ...

Yes. She had pawned almost everything she had in order to feed the children, including the medal that the Forty and Eight Honor Society of The American Legion gave her for her bravery. You see, Mrs. McMullin has



"Look—when I lost my dog license, you came and took away my dog. Well, now I've lost my marriage license!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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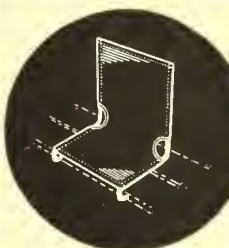


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never taken any pay for her blood transfusions.

MRS. McMULLIN ...

I can't take pay for that. This is not my gift. It's God's gift and I just can't cheapen it. I know you understand.

STASSEN ...

It's a marvelous thing.

WERNTZ ...

It's the most inspiring thing I've ever heard, Mr. Stassen. We were very happy that we were able to help Mrs. McMullin to a good Christmas. And we hope that her health is going to be much better very soon.

MRS. McMULLIN ...

There's so much to do, Mr. Stassen.

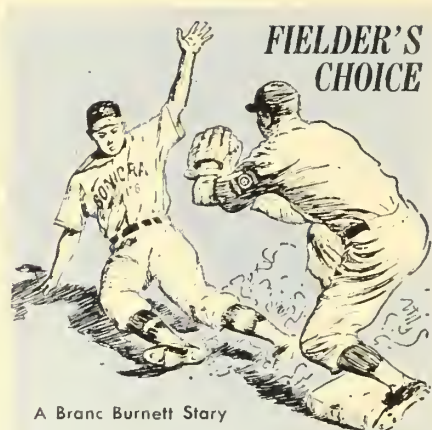
STASSEN ...

Mrs. McMullin, you have already done more than could possibly be expected of any living person. All we hope is that you will be much better soon. We don't want to tax your strength by keeping you here talking to us, but before you go Dan Seymour here gave me something which I am going to return to you. It's that medal you had to pawn that The American Legion gave to the bravest woman in America. May I present it again to the woman who still is the bravest woman in America. "We the People" are very, very proud of you, Mrs. Rose McMullin...

I hope we have learned a lesson tonight from Mrs. McMullin's story. I know that I have and it's one that I'll never forget. It's a lesson that all of us should know by now. And it has taken a woman with golden blood to remind us so vividly of the golden rule. I am very happy to have been with you tonight.

"Come back here this instant, slowly!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



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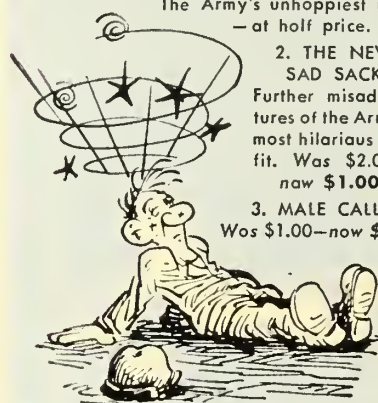
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That breaks our bones!

—BY S. OMAR BARKER

TO PLAY POST OFFICE?

Mrs. Brown took her husband to a mannequin show. As the models paraded slowly by, Mr. Brown ogled them wolfishly.

His wife, meanwhile, was fascinated by the fashions displayed. An evening gown, modeled by a gorgeous blonde, suddenly attracted her attention.

"That would look nice at our party next week," she said, hoping her husband would buy the dress.

"Yes," he agreed. "Why not invite her?"

—BY F. G. KERNAN

SOURCE MATERIAL

There's the well-informed, the reliable source,
And the unimpeachable too, of course;
And then, in addition to all of those,
There's the fellow, not talking, who really knows.

—BY RICHARD ARMOUR

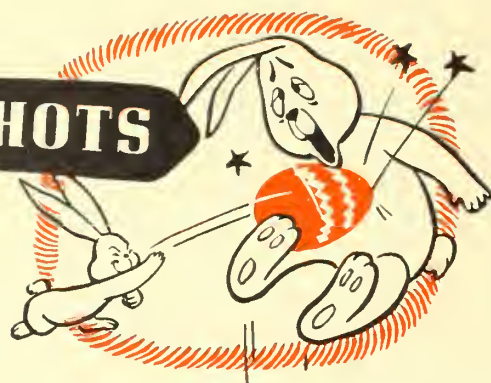
ENTHUSIASM

Some people are hired with it —
Others are fired with it.

—BY STEPHEN SCHLITZER

WEATHER BUREAU

One of the more expansive western Park men says his section has a new system for telling the weather. Two poles are driven into the ground. Between these poles a third one is placed horizontally. From the middle of this third pole a length of heavy wagon chain is suspended. If the chain



stands straight out, it's getting blowy! If the chain begins to melt, the weather is warming up!

—BY AUGUST BURGHARDT

Positive: Being mistaken at the top of your voice.

—BY WILLIAM M. STEPHENS, JR.

HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS

You've bought a mystery,
Gaily begun it;
Then our pal helpfully
Tells you whodunit.

—BY ETHEL JACOBSON

THE OLD TIMERS WERE BETTER!

The married couples were having a get-together. As they reminisced about the events of the past, one husband remarked, "By the way, whatever became of the old-fashioned girls who fainted when a man kissed them?"

His wife gave him a withering look.

"What I'd like to know," she retorted, "is whatever became of the old-fashioned men who made them faint?"

—BY G. M. KERMIT

SURER THING

Betting my bottom dollar
Is something I had to stop;
The darn thing was getting a little too close
To the one that was on top.

—BY D. S. HALACY, JR.

A-VOWAL

A school girl was told to write a composition describing a passenger ship in a storm at sea. She handed in an earnest effort, but its intense drama was marred by a slip of one letter in one word.

"Thunder rolled and lightning flashed," she had written. "The women trembled in the cabins while the crew rushed about. 'Up with the anchor!' shouted the Captain. Then over and above the sound of the tempest could be heard the fierce cries of the sailors working on the wenches."

—BY FAIRFAX DOWNEY

PACHYDERMIC PUZZLE

An elephant never forgets, so they say,
October right through to September.
I suppose I should cheer, but actually
what does an elephant have to remember?

—BY GRAHAM HUNTER

A HORRIBLE FATE

A rich widow in a small town married a man of moderate means. The honeymoon scarcely had ended before she began reminding her new husband at every turn that it was her money which was paying the bills.

Whenever the man purchased anything his wife would say: "That's nice. But if it weren't for my money, it wouldn't be here."

Even when friends dropped in for a visit, and expressed admiration for the newlyweds' home, the wife would remark: "Of course, if it weren't for my money. Henry wouldn't be able to afford a place like this."

One day, the husband purchased a television set. His wife examined the device, then said: "It's beautiful. But I don't have to remind you, Henry, that if it weren't for my money, it wouldn't be here."

"My dear," the harassed husband replied quietly, "I deem it time I tell you something. If it weren't for your money, I wouldn't be here."

—BY EDGAR WILLIAMS

MODERN MAN

A man will stand for anything
Without a fight or fuss,
Except a lady or a lass
Upon a crowded bus.

—BY BRYAN BARR

A VIEW OF OUR FILES

Dear Writer:

The editors thank you for submitting the enclosed contribution, and regret that it does not meet with the immediate requirements of the magazine.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE
Dear Magazine:

The writer thanks you for sending the enclosed rejection slip, and regrets that it does not meet with the immediate requirements of his creditors.

Writer

—BY AL SPONG

GRAPEFRUIT

Into its succulent pulp I pry,
Hoping there's more than meets the eye.

—BY STEPHEN SCHLITZER





Left to right—"Folly," "Gina," "Baby" and "Rex," favorite boxers of author-farmer Louis Bromfield, at famous Malabar Farm, Lucas, Ohio.

"Malabar Farm is well stocked now..."

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